

A
ST. ANDREWS TREASURY
OF SCOTTISH VERSE

SELECTED, ARRANGED, AND EDITED BY
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AND

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TO

Mrs. W. W. ROBERTSON

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION

OF STEADFAST FRIENDSHIP THROUGH MANY YEARS
AND OF HER LOVE OF SCOTLAND AND SCOTTISH POETRY

PREFATORY NOTE

IN very large measure this Preface must be a liberal acknowledgment of much courtesy. Authors, publishers, editors, relatives and other friends of authors have been most generous and willing to help. Some, like Messrs. Chatto & Windus and Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., have made conditional concessions. Others, like Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, the Messrs. Constable, Mr. John Murray, Messrs. Maclehose, and Mr. James Lewis, Selkirk, have freely given such liberty to publish as was asked, while Mr. Charles Scribner's Sons have acted likewise as authorised American publishers of the portion of Stevenson's work here quoted.¹

Authors have been singularly open to appeal, and, even where the freedom granted was conditional, the condition was so easy that it could scarcely be regarded as a restriction. Mrs. Violet Jacob and Mr. W. H. Ogilvie must therefore be mentioned as friendly contributors rather than conditional donors, while Mr. Charles Murray not only concurred with Messrs. Constable as to poems from *Hamewith*, but agreed to the choice of other poems, and sent from South Africa *The Tinker*, which appears for the first time in this anthology. Miss Mary Symon kindly allows the

¹ American copyright has restricted the choice of poems by R. L. Stevenson.

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inclusion of *The Glen's Muster-Roll* and *After Neuve Chapelle*. The latter is, with Mr. Bulloch's consent, from *The Daily Graphic*, and the former from *The Aberdeen University Review*. The Very Rev. Principal Sir George Adam Smith, Chairman of the Editorial Committee of this magazine, grants permission to include his own *Old Aberdeen—October 1915*, as well as poems by his lamented son, George Buchanan Smith, who fell at Loos on 25th September 1915. The editors welcome these poems because of the marked poetic promise of the verse, and the opportunity thus granted them of noting the life and character of one who seemed born to be a man of striking originality and force in the Scotland of his time.

Special warm thanks are due to Mr. Neil Munro; to Sheriff David James Mackenzie; to John Foster, Esq., Sheriff Clerk of Elginshire; to Professor W. A. Craigie, LL.D., Oxford; to Sir George Douglas, and to Mr. John Buchan. We desire with much gratitude to acknowledge Mr. Hamish Hendry's hearty encouragement, and the unwonted favour of his allowing the appearance in this collection of *Burns from Heaven* and *A Scots Dominie*, characteristic contributions to the wealth of the Glasgow Ballad Club, which has been as friendly and sympathetic as its genial poet.

Thanks are also due to the Earl of Southesk for the late Earl's *November's Cadence*; to Mr. Alexander L. Brown, Galahill, for poems by "J. B. Selkirk"; to Miss Warrender for poems by Lady John Scott; to Miss Harriett Jay for a poem by Robert Buchanan; to Major Shairp of Houston for Principal Shairp's *The Bush about Traquair*, with the goodwill of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.; to the poet J. M. D. and to *The Scotsman* for *Edinburgh Castle*; to Lady Skelton and A. N. Skelton, Esq., for two poems

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Every effort has been made to discover and here to thank all who are entitled to be consulted. If there is any omission the editors trust that it will be overlooked and forgiven.

SCOTTISH VERSE

THIS title demands a little explanation. It does not mean poetry in Scottish dialect only. Indeed, there is no tongue which has the right to be called simply *the* Scottish dialect, because there are many Scottish dialects ; and in our selection here, to indicate merely leading phases, there are poems in the tongue of Aberdeenshire, of Banffshire, and of Morayshire, as well as of the Mearns and Forfarshire, to say nothing of Ayrshire, and Roxburghshire modified by Midlothian. There is other Border speech as well, notably that of Selkirkshire in the poetry of "J. B. Selkirk."

There is much also in Scottish Verse of the standard English which has done so much to colour the northern tongues, a staunch Scot would say to *contaminate* them, by its vocabulary and grammar. Those who write this fashion of English poetry, like Andrew Lang, like John Barlas and R. F. Murray, and many more including Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell, are genuine creators of Scottish Verse, even when they do not use any form of the language commonly associated with an individual region of Scotland. This English variation indicates the true universal spirit which reigns in Scottish Verse even when the national dress is discarded.

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In our quest of a meaning for Scottish Verse we need to look at Scottish history rather than narrowly at Scottish varieties of language. We must bear in mind the origin of a Scottish spirit, and the phases of it, in order to gain a clue to the unity to be found in a body of literature presented in a volume like this, and in more ambitious anthologies. Living Scottish literature with organic continuity emerges when true love of Scottish Independence has shown itself. It is fostered by this patriotic ardour as it glows from age to age.

The Scottish War of Independence was due to certain traits of Scottish character. These, and the war which they led to, made possible the distinctive poetic literature which we find and love in Scottish Verse, and made possible and actual a certain separateness from the poetry of the larger southern country, while the intense devotion to patriotic liberty created individual features which have prevailed for well-nigh six hundred years, and which were never more conspicuous than in the generation now drawing to a close.

All patriotism draws different classes closely together, and the Scottish patriotism of which we speak did this in a marked degree. The fourteenth-century Scottish leaders found themselves near in spirit to their humblest followers and neighbours. They had a sense of "kith and kin" which caustic and unsympathetic on-lookers might regard as mere "clannishness," but which, in its body and vitality was a something much higher and more ennobling. In no country, perhaps, was there stronger feeling of the genuine unity of the different classes of the nation, and of the *noblesse* which compels the higher rank to acknowledge the true kindred nobility of

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the humbler. Through the entire stream of Scottish Verse we find the conviction which has its best-known expression in Burns's words :

The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

It is emphatically in the spirit *Of the Day Estivall*, and in the evident attitude of the poet to the common folk, especially throughout the later portion of the poem. In this Hume had a kindred forerunner in Gavin Douglas, and he finds another and a later in George Buchanan Smith, whose love of humble folk is beautifully expressed in the closing lines of *An Autumn Storm in Skye* :

One broad ray
Of rippling gold stretched westward, so to bear
My fancy sad, where live in exile's yoke,
Driven from Highland homes, my own dear folk.

This strong feeling towards the commonalty, springing from patriotic courage, has many kindred strains in the ever-changing manifestations of Scottish Verse. It accounts for much of the prevailing tenderness which some call sentimentality. It explains the constant willingness to deal with lowly vocations and relations, not less than the sense of pride in the bravery of the humble and in their eager goodwill to take a strenuous part in all just warfare—very evident in Mr. Foster's *Civis Romanus sum*. Linked with this is another characteristic feature of Scottish Verse: the prevalence of feeling for certain passages and facts of Scottish history. There are individual historical personages who specially touch the Scottish heart from age to age. The Stuarts early won favour, and although they have had occa-

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sional severe judges, especially after the Restoration, and again after the Revolution of 1688, the blood of The Bruce which was their great inheritance, and the poetic glamour which they never lost, made a perennial appeal to Scottish affection, and indeed still make it. Typical expressions of historical feeling we have in "J. M. D.'s" *Edinburgh Castle*, in Sir George Douglas's *The Old Border Town*, and in Sheriff D. J. Mackenzie's *The Laich of Moray*.

The exhibition of right feeling towards men as men—the perception of a true relation in their bearing towards one another as members of the commonwealth, is not less marked in the Scottish faculty of observation of the manifold world of Nature and the tender sympathy which accompanies it. Writers of Scottish Verse see the common Scottish sights on Scottish earth, in Scottish stream and loch and air, and they see all and describe all with a familiarity as attractive as is their sympathy with Scottish human life.

FREDOME

A ! FREDOME is a noble thing !
Fredome mayis man to haiff liking ;
Fredome all solace to man giffis :
He levys at es that frely levys.
A noble hart may haiff nane es
Na ellys nocht that may him ples,
Giff fredome failyhe ; for fre liking
Is yharnyt our all othir thing.
Na he, that ay has levyt fre
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer he suld it wyt ;
And suld think fredome mar to prys
Than all the gold in warld that is.
Thus contrar thingis evir-mar
Discoveryngis off the tothir ar.

JOHN BARBOUR, 1320-1395.

From *The Bruce*.

liking, pfeasure. *es*, ease. *na ellys nocht*, nor anything else. *yharnyt*,
yearned for. *dome*, dooni. *all perquer*, by heart, thoroughly. *wyt*, know.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill
 Kepand a flok of fe :
 Mirry Makyne said him till
 “ Robene thow rew on me ;
 I haif the luvit lowd and still
 Thir yeiris two or thre :
 My dule in dern bot gif thow dill
 Downtless but dreid I de.”

Robene ansuerit “ Be the rude,
 Naething of lufe I knaw,
 Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wid,
 Lo quhair they raik on raw ;
 Quhat has marrit the in thy mude,
 Makyne, to me thow schaw ;
 Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude ?
 Fane wald I leir that law.”

“ At luvis lair gife thow will leir,
 Tak thair ane a b c :
 Be heynd, courtass, and fair of feir,
 Wyse, hardy, and fre ;
 So that no denger do the deir,
 Quhat dule in dern thow dre ;
 Preiss the with pane at all poweir,
 Be patient and previe.”

fe, sheep. *till*, to. *rew*, take pity. *thir*, these. *dule in dern*, secret grief. *dill*, share. *but dreid*, without doubt. *raik on raw*, range in row. *lair*, lore. *heynd*, gentle. *fair of feir*, of pleasing demeanour. *deir*, harm. *dre*, endure. *preiss the*, exert thyself. *at all poweir*, with full strength.

Robene and Makyne

Robene anssuerit hir agane

“I wait *næcht* quhat is lufe ;
Bot haif mervell incertane

Quhat makis the this *wanrufe* ;
The weddir is fair, & I am fane

My scheip gois haill aboif ;
And we wald play ws in this plane,
They wald ws bayth reproif.”

“Robene, thow reifis me roif and rest ;
I lufe bot the allone.”

“Makyne, adew, the sone gois west,
The day is neir hand gone.”

“Robene, in dule I am so drest,
That lufe wilbe my bone.”

“Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thow list
For lemman I lue none.”

“Robene I stand in sic a *styll* :
I sich and that full sair.”

“Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle ;
At hame God gif I wair.”

“My huny, Robene, talk ane quhill,
Gif thow will do na mair.”

“Makyne, sum vthir man *begyle*
For hamewart I will fair.”

Robene on his wayis went,
Als licht as leif of tre ;

Mawkin murnit in hir intent
And trowd him nevir to se.

Robene brayd attour the bent
Than Mawkyne cryit on hie,

“Now ma thou sing, for I am schent !
Quhat alis lufe at me.”

this wanrufe, thus restless. *reifis*, robbest of. *roif*, ease. *styll*, plight.
sich, sigh. *brayd*, hastened. *bent*, field. *schent*, undone.

Robene and Makyne

Mawkyne went hame withowttin fail.

Full wery eftir cowth weip :

Than Robene in a full fair daill

Assemblit all his scheip.

Be that sum pairte of Mawkyne's aill

Outthrow his hairt coud creip ;

He fallowit hir fast thair till assaill,

And till hir tuke gude keip.

“Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,

A word for ony thing ;

For all my luve it salbe thyne

Withowttin depairting,

All haill thy harte for till haif myne

Is all my cuvating ;

My scheip to moine quhill houris nyne

Will neid of no keping.”

“Robene, thow hes hard sounge and say,

In gestis and storeis auld,

‘The man that will nocht quhen he may,

Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.’

I pray to Jesu every day

Mot eik thair cairis cauld

That first preissis with the to play,

Be firth, forrest, or fawld.”

“Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,

The wedder is warme & fair,

And the grene woid rycht neir ws by

To walk attour all quhair ;

Thair ma na Janglour ws espy

That is to lufe contrair ;

Thairin, Makyne, both ye & I

Unsene we ma repair.”

cowth, did. *keip*, heed. *mot eik*, may increase. *preissis*, strives. *firth*, coppice. *Janglour*, tell-tale.

Robene and Makyne

“ Robene, that warld is all away
 And quyt brocht till ane end
 And nevir agane thairto perfay
 Sall it be as thow wend ;
 For of my pane thow maid it play,
 And all in vane I spend ;
 As thow hes done, sa sall I say,
 Murne on, I think to mend.”

“ Mawkyne, the howp of all my heill,
 My hart on the is sett,
 And evirmair to the be leill,
 Quhill I may leif but lett ;
 Nevir to faill, as vtheris feill
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.”
 “ Robene, with the I will nocht deill.
 Adew, for thus we mett.”

Malkyne went hame blyth annewche,
 Attour the holtis hair ;
 Robene murnit, and Malkyne lewche ;
 Scho sang, he sichit sair ;
 And so left him, bayth wo & wrewche
 In dolour & in cair,
 Kepand his hird under a huche,
 •Amangis the holtis hair.

ROBERT HENRYSON, 1425 ?—1500 ?

perfay, i-faith. *wend*, weened. *heill*, happiness. *leif but lett*, live
 without ceasing. *annewche*, enough. *lewche*, laughed. *wrewche*, wretched.
huche, cliff. *holtis hair*, grey woods.

MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTIR

IN to thir dirk and drublie dayis
Quhone sabill all the hewin arrayis,
With mystie vapouris, cluddis, and skyis,
Nature all curage me denyis
Off sangis, ballattis, and of playis.

Quhen that the nycht dois lenthin houris,
With wind, with haill, and havy schouris,
My dule spreit dois lurk for schoir ;
My hairt for languor dois forloir.
For laik of symmer with his flouris.

I walk, I turn, sleip may I nocht,
I veseit am with havy thocht ;
This warld all our I cast about,
And ay the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have socht.

I am assayit on everie syde,
Dispair says ay "In tyme prowyde
And get sum thing quhairon to leif ;
Or with grit trouble and mischief
Thou sall in to this court abyde."

And than sayis Age "My freind, cum neir,
And be nocht strange, I the requair ;
Cum, brodir, by the hand me tak,
Remember thow hes compt to mak
Off all thi time thou spendit heir."

drublie, turbid. *dule spreit*, doleful spirit. *for schoir*, because of the
menace. *forloir*, fail. *compt*, count.

Meditatioun in Wyntir

Syne Deid castis up his zettis wyd
Saying "Thir oppin sall 3e abyd ;
 Albeid that thou were never sa stout
 Vndir this lyntall sall thow lowt ;
Thair is nane vther way besyd."

For feir of this all day I drowp,
No gold in kist nor wine in cowp,
 No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys,
 May lat me to remember this :
How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

3it, quhone the nycht beinnis to schoit
It dois my spreit sum part confort,
 Off thocht oppressit with the schouris.
 Cum, lustie symmer ! with thy flouris,
That I may leif in sum disport.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, 1460-1513?

3ous, gates. *thir oppin*, these open. *lowt*, stoop *may lat*, can prevent.

A RONDEL OF LUVE

Lo ! quhat it is to lufe
Learn ye that list to prufe,
Be me, I say, that no wayis may
The grund of greif remufe,
Bot still decay, both nycht and day :
Lo ! quhat it is to lufe.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre,
Kendillit without desyre ;
Schort plesour, lang displesour ;
Repentance is the hyre ;
Ane pure tressour without mesour
Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

To lufe and to be wyiss,
To rege with gud adwyiss,
Now thus, now than, so gois the game
Incertane is the dyiss.
There is no man, I say, that can
Both lufe and to be wyiss.

Fle alwayis frome the snair ;
Lerne at me to be ware ;
It is ane pane and dowbill trane
Of endles wo and cair ;
For to refrane that denger plane
Fle alwayis frome the snair.

ALEXANDER SCOTT, 1545-1568

rege, to be violent. *trane*, snare.

WELCUM FORTOUN

WELCUM, Fortoun, welcum againe,
The day and hour I may weill blis,
Thou has exilit all my paine,
Quhilk to my hart greit plesour is.

For I may say that few men may,
Seing of paine I am diest,
I haif obtenit all my pay
The lufe of hir that I lufe best.

I knaw none sic as scho is one
Sa trew, sa kynde, sa luiffandlie,
Quhat suld I do, an scho war gone?
Allace ! zit had I leuer die.

To me scho is baith trew and kynde,
• Worthie it war scho had the praise,
For na disdaine in hir I find,
I pray to God I may hir pleis.

Quhen that I heir hir name exprest,
My hart for Joy dois loup thairfoir,
Abufe all vther I lufe hir best
Unto I die, quhat wald scho moir !

• ANONYMOUS.

leuer, rather.

SUEIT HAIRT, REIOS IN MYND

SUEIT hairt, reios in mynd,
 With conforte day and nicht,
 3e haue ane luif as kynd
 As euer luifit weicht ;
 'Thocht I be out of sicht
 Latt nocht your courage fall,
 My joyfull hert and licht,
 3e haif and euer sal.

My bony burde, be blyith
 And 3e sall find me so
 Imprent to 3ow, I kyith,
 To latt zow nocht be woo ;
 Quhaireuer I ryde or go,
 3e sall nocht sorie be
 My leill luif, hert, and joo,
 Nane hes my hairt bot 3e.

And 3ie my trew luf sueit,
 'This do 3e nocht gang stand,
 My blyithnes for to beit,
 As I serve at your hand :
 To think me nocht constand,
 My bony burd, lat be :
 My constant hairt sall stand
 To 3ow quhill that I die.

imprent, constant. *kyith*, declare. *zow*, sorrowful. *leill*, true. *joo*,
 sweetheart. *gang stand*, withstand. *beit*, increase. *quhill*, until.

Sueit Hairt, Reios in Mynd

I bid no mair of 3ow
But God grant 3ow his bliss ;
God be als blyith of 3ow
As I wald be of this,
3our lillie lippis to kiss,
Thinkand that mynd of 3ouris,
My awin trew luif sche is,
That luifs hir paramouris.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE,
1545-1611.

lillie, lovely ? *paramouris*, lover.

OF THE DAY ESTIVALL

O PERFITE light, quhilk schaid away
The darkenes from the light,
And set a ruler ou'r the day,
Ane vther ou'r the night.

Thy glorie when the day fourth flies
Mair viuely dois appeare,
Nor at midday vnto our eyes
The shining Sun is cleare.

The shaddow of the earth anon
Remooues and drawes by,
Sine in the East, when it is gon,
Appeares a clearer sky.

Quhilk Sunne perceaues the little larks,
The lapwing and the snyp,
And tunes their sangs like nature's clarks,
Ou'r midow, mure, and stryp.

Bot euerie bais'd nocturnall beast,
Na langer may abide,
They hy away baith maist and least
Them selues in houis to hide.

They dread the day fra they it see,
And from the sight of men
To saits and couars fast they flee
As Lyons to their den.

day estivall, summer day. *viuely*, vividly. *sine*, afterwards. *stryp*,
stream. *bais'd*, abased. *houis*, hollows.

Of the Day Estivall

Our Hemisphere is poleist clein,
And lightened more and more,
While euerie thing be clearely sein
Quhilk seemed dim before.

Except the glistering astres bright
Which all the night were cleere,
Offusked with a greater light
Na langer dois appeare.

The golden globe incontinent
Sets vp his shining head,
And ou'r the earth and firmament
Displays his beims abroad

For joy the birds with boulden throts
Agains his visage shein,
Takes vp their kindelie musicke nots
In woods and gardens grein.

Up braids the carefull husbandman
His cornes and vines to see,
And euerie tymous artisan
In buith worke busilie.

The pastor quits the slouthfull sleepe
And passis forth with speede,
His little camow-nosed sheepe
And rowtting kie to feede.

The passenger from perrels sure
Gangs gladly foorth the way :
Briefe, everie liuing creature
Takes comfort of the day.

The subtile mottie rayons light
At rifts thay are in wonne,
The glansing thains and vitre bright
Resplends against the sunne.

*while, until. 'b'fusked, obscured. boulden, swollen. braids, hastens.
camow-nosed, flat-nosed. rowtting kie, lowing cows. mottie, full of motes.
rifts, chinks. in wonne, entered., thains, vanes. vitre, glass.*

Of the Day Estivall

The dew vpon the tender crops,
Lyke pearles white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the ground.

The mystie rocke, the clouds of raine
From tops of mountains skails,
Cleare are the highest hills and plaine,
The vapors takes the vails.

Begaried is the saphire pend
With sprains of skarlet hew,
And precious from end to end
Damasked white and blew.

The ample heauen of fabrik sure
In cleannes dois surpas
The chrystall and the siluer pure,
Or clearest poleist glas.

The time sa tranquill is and still
That na where sall ye find,
Saife on ane high and barren hill,
Ane aire of peeping wind.

All trees and simples great and small
That balmie leife do beir
Nor they were painted on a wall
Na mair they moue or steir.

Calme is the deep and purpour se
Yee smuther nor the sand
The wals that woltring wont to be
Are stable like the land.

Sa silent is the cessile air
That euery cry and call,
The hills, and dails, and forest fair
Again repeats them all.

rocke, vapour. *skails*, disperses. *begaried*, variegated. *saphire pend*, blue vault. *sprains*, streaks. *peeping*, gently whistling. *wals*, waves. *cessile*, yielding.

Of the Day Estivall

The riuers fresh, the callor streams
Ou'r rockes can softlie rin,
The water cleare like chrystall seames
And makes a pleasant din.

The fields and earthly superfice
With verdure greene is spread,
And naturallie, but artifice,
In partie coulors cled.

The flourishes and fragrant flowers
Throw Phœbus fostring heit
Refresht with dew and siluer showres
Casts vp ane odour sweet.

The clogged busy humming beis,
That neuer thinks to drowne,
On flowers and flourishes of treis
Collects their liquor browne.

The Sunne maist like a speedie post
With ardent course ascends,
The beautie of the heauenly host
Up to our zenith tends.

Nocht guided be na Phaeton
Nor trained in a chyre,
Bot be the high and haly On
Quhilk dois all where impire.

The burning beims downe from his face
Sa fervently can beat
That man and beast now seekes a place
To saue them fra the heat.

The brethles flocks drawes to the shade
And frechure of their fald,
The startling nolt as they were made
Runnes to the rivers cald.

callor, cool. *superfice*, surface. *but*, without. *throw*, through. *chyre*,
chariot. *nolt*, cattle. *made*, mad.

Of the Day Estivall

The heards beneath some leaffie trie
Amids the flowers they lie,
The stabill ships vpon the sey
Tends vp their sails to drie.

The hart, the hynd, and fallow deare
Are tapisht at their rest,
The foules and birdes that made the beir
Prepares their prettie nest.

The rayons dures descending downe
All kindles in a gleid,
In cittie nor in borroughstowne
May nane set foorth their heid.

Back from the blew paymented whun
And from the plaister wall,
The hote reflexing of the sun
Inflams the aire and all.

The labowrers that timellie raise
All wearie faint and weake,
For heate downe to their houses gais,
Noone-meate and sleepe to take.

The callowr wine in caue is sought
Mens brothing breists to cule ;
The water cald and cleare is brought,
And sallets steipt in vle.

Sume plucks the honie plowm and peare
The cherrie and the pesche,
Sume likes the reamand London beare,
The bodie to refresh.

Forth of their skepps some raging bees
Lyes out and will not cast,
Some vther swarmes hyves on the trees
In knots togidder fast.

tapisht, crouching. *beir*, noise. *dure*, severe. *gleid*, flame, live coal.
paymented, made into pavement. *whun*, whinstone. *brothing*, steaming.
skepps, hives.

Of the Day Estivall

The corbeis, and the kekling kais
May scarce the heat abide,
Halks prunzeis on the sunnie brais,
And wedders back, and side.

With gilted eyes and open wings
The cock his courage shawes,
With claps of joy his breast he dings
And twentie times he crawes.

The dow with whisling wings sa blew
The winds can fast collect,
His pourpour pennies turnes mony hew,
Against the sunne direct.

Now noone is went, gaine is mid-day
The heat dois slake at last,
The sun descends down west away
Fra three of clock he past.

A little cule of braithing wind
Now softly can arise,
The warks throw heate that lay behind,
Now men may enterprise.

Furth fairis the flocks to seek their fude
On euerie hill and plaine,
Ilk labourer as he thinks gude
Steppes to his turne againe.

The rayons of the Sunne we see
Diminish in their strength,
The schad of euerie towre and tree,
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for euerie quhair
The wind is sitten downe,
The reik throwes right vp in the air
From everie towre and towne.

corbeis, crows. *kais*, jackdaws. *prunzeis*, preen. *wedder*, wether. *dingt*, strikes. *pennies*, wings. *went*, p.p. of wend. *throw*, through. *reik*, smoke. *throwes*, twists.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part
(Which virtuous souls abhor)
And hold a Synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant to thy word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen
And glorious by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAM,
MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, 1612-1650.

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies makin' a mane ;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine the day ?"

"In ahint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, and his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady has ta'en another mate,
Sae we may mak' our denner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike oot his bonny blue ecn,
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a ane for him mak's mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane ;
Ower his white banes when they are bare
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

• ANONYMOUS.

fail, turf. *hause-bane*, collar-bone.

FORSAKEN

O waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae ;
And waly, waly yon burn-side
Where I and my Love went to gae !
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny
A little time while it is new ;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid ?
O wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me ;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true Love's forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

waly, waly, alas, alas. busk, adorn.

Forsaken

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see ;
My Love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel in *cramasie*.

But had I wist before I kist
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case o' gowd
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
And oh if my young babe were born
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were deid and gane,
And the green grass growin' over me !

ANONYMOUS.

cramasie, crimson cloth.

FAIR HELEN

I WISH I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnel lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na ye my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair !
I laid her down wi meikle care
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I lichtit down my sword to draw,
I hackit him in pieces sma',
I hackit him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

burd, maid.

Fair Helen

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says " Haste and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee I were blest
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I wish my grave were growin' green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my cen,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies
Since my Love died for me.

ANONYMOUS.

WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW

Down in yon garden sweet and gay
Where bonnie grows the lily,
I heard a fair maid sighing say
“My wish be wi’ sweet Willie.

“Willie’s rare, and Willie’s fair,
And Willie’s wondrous bonnie ;
And Willie hecht to marry me
Gin e’er he married ony.

“O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth
And tell me how he faireth !

“O tell sweet Willie to come down
And hear the mavis singing,
And see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging.

¹ “The lav’rock there, wi’ her white breist
And gentle throat sae narrow ;
There’s sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader haughs and Yarrow.

“O Leader haughs are wide and braid
And Yarrow haughs are bonny ;
There Willie hecht to marry me
If e’er he married ony.

hecht, promised.

Willie Drowned in Yarrow

"But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping ;
Draws many a tear frae true love's e'e
When other maids are sleeping.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The nicht I'll mak' it narrow,
For a' the live-lang winter nicht
I lie twined o' my marrow.

"O cam' ye by yon water-side ?
Pu'ed you the rose or lily ?
Or cam' ye by yon meadow green ?
Or saw ye my sweet Willy ? "

She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought him braid and narrow ;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

ANONYMOUS.

twined, separated from. *marrow*, mate.

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT

My love he built me a bonny bower
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

'There cam' a man by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away :
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight to me sae dear,
He slew my knight and poin'd his gear ;
My servants a' for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet making my mane ;
I watch'd his corpse myself alane ;
I watch'd his body night and day,
No living creature came that way.

I bore his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat ;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in
And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ;
O think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned aboot away to gae.

poin'd, seized. gear, property. happ'd, covered.

The Border Widow's Lament

Nae living man I'll love again
Since that my comely knight is slain ;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

ANONYMOUS.

MY PEGGY

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm nae very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
'The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look doun on a' the toun,
That I look doun upon a croun.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It mak's me blythe and bauld,
An' naething gies me sic delight
As wauking o' the fauld.

wauking o' the fauld, watching of the sheep-fold when the lambs were
weaned. *lave*, the rest.

My Peggy

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest
By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld
Wi' innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

ALLAN RAMSAY,
1686-1758.

the wale, the best.

THE BRAES OF YARROW

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
"Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride ?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?
I got her where I daurna weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow ;
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow ?
And why daur ye nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow ;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow ;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

busk, dress or adorn. *marrow*, mate. *birks*, birches. *tint*, lost.

The Braes of Yarrow

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan ;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet as sweet flows
Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow ;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love !
In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter ;
Tho' he was fair and well-belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow ;
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk, a bonny bonny bride ?
How can I busk, a winsome marrow ?
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow ?

O Yarrow fields, let never never rain
No dew thy tender blossoms cover ;
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow ;
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR,
1704-1754.

gowan, daisy. flowan, flowing.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay :
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing,
But now it is fled—fled far far away.

I've seen the Forest
Adorn'd the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay ;
Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming !
But now they are wither'd, and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning,
With gold the hills adorning,
And the loud tempest roaring, before parting day ;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glitt'ring in the sunny beams
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle Fortune !
Why this cruel sporting ?
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
'Thy frown cannot fear me,
'Thy smile cannot cheer me,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.^c

ALISON RUTHERFORD, MRS. COCKBURN,
1712-1794.

wale, withered. *drumlie*, turbid.

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I've heard them liltin' at the ewe-milkin',

Lasses a-liltin' before dawn o' day.

Now they are moanin' on ilka green loanin',

The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the mornin' nae blythe lads are scornin',

Lasses are lanely and dowie and wae ;

Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin',

Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

At har'st at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin',

Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and grey ;

At fair, or at preachin', nae wooin', nae fleechin',

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin',

'Bout stacks wi' the lassies at bogle to play ;

But ilk maid sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border ;

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;

The Flowers of the Forest that focht aye the foremost,

The prime o' our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-milkin' ;

Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;

Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JEAN ELLIOT, 1727-1805.

liltin', singing happily. *ilka*, every. *loanin'*, grassy path by which cows come to milking. *bught*, pen where ewes were milked. *scornin'*, rallying, jeering. *dowie*, sad. *daffin'*, gaiety. *gabbin'*, saucy talk. *leglin*, wooden milk-pail. *lyart*, grizzled. *swankies*, agile young men.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jades lay by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark
And Colin at the door ?
Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava ;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown ;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's in the toun.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue ;
It's a' to pleasure my guidman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,
Pit on the muckle pat ;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown
And Jock his Sunday hat ;

as a, at all. bigonet, cap. bailie, magistrate.

There's nae Luck about the House

And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain guidman,
He likes to see them braw.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk
Been fed this month and mair ;
Get up and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very fit has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht—
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava ;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

W. J. MICKLE (?),
1734-1788.

bauk, spar. *greet*, weep.

ABSENCE

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary !
It wasna sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

ANONYMOUS.

erie, fearful.

THE CUCKOO

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering thro' the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

• What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

The Cuckoo

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make on joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

MICHAEL BRUCE (?),
1746-1767.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY, YARROW STREAM

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover !
For ever now, O Yarrow stream !
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met ;
My passion I as freely told him ;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

wraith, spirit.

Thy Braes were Bonny, Yarrow Stream

His mother from the window look'd
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother ;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow—
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then, with thee, I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN, 1748-1788.

MILITARY, MUTE.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE

THEN tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array ;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow ;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me ;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing--
O tell me how to woo !

ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE,
1750-1797.

RURAL CONTENT

I'm now a guid farmer, I've acres o' land,
An' my heart aye louns light when I'm viewin' o't,
An' I ha'e servants at my command,
An' twa daintie cowts for the plewin' o't.

My farm is a guid ane, lies high on a muir,
The muir-cocks and plivers aft skirl at my door ;
An' when the sky lowers I'm sure o' a shower
To moisten my land for the plewin' o't.

Leeze me on the mailin that's fa'n to my share,
It takes sax muckle bowes for the sawin' o't ;
I've sax braid acres for pasture, an' mair,
An' a dainty bit bog for the mawin' o't.

A spence and a kitchen my mansion-house gi'es,
I've a cantie wee wife to daut when I please ;
Twa bairnies, twa callants, that skelp ower the leas,
An' they'll sune can help me at the plewin' o't.

My biggin' stands sweet on this south-slopin' hill,
An' the sun shines sac bonnily, beamin' on't ;
An' past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill
Frae the loch where the wild ducks are swimmin' on't.

An' on its green banks on the gay simmer days
My wife trips barefit a-bleachin' her claes ;
An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze
While I whistle and sing at the plewin' o't.

*cowts, colts. skirl, screams. leeze me on, pleased am I with. mailin, farm.
bowes, bulls. spence, parlour. callants, boys. skelp, run. biggin', cottage.*

Rural Content

To rank among farmers I ha'e muckle pride,
But I maunna speak high when I'm tellin' o't ;
How brawly I strut on my shelty to ride
Wi' a sample to show for the sellin' o't.

In blue worset boots that my auld mither span,
I've aft been fu' vantie sin' I was a man ;
But now they're flung by, and I've bought cordovan,
And my wifie ne'er grudged me a shillin' o't.

Now hairst-time is ower, an' a fig for the laird,
My rent's now secure for the toilin' o't ;
My fields are a' bare, and my craps in the yaird,
And I'm nae mair in fear o' the spoilin' o't.

An' on the douf days when loud hurricanes blaw,
Fu' snug i' the spence I'll be viewin' o't ;
And jink the rude blast in my rush-theikit ha',
When fields are scaled up frae the plewin' o't.

Now welcome guid weather, or wind, or come weet,
Or bauld ragin' winter, wi' hail, snaw, or sleet ;
Nae mair can he draigle my crap 'mang his feet,
Or wraik his mischief, and be spoilin' o't.

¹⁶My bonnie wee wifie, the bairnies, and me,
The peat-stack and turf-stack our Phœbus shall be
Till day close the scoul o' its angry c'e,
And we'll rest in good hopes o' the plewin' o't.

An' when the year smiles, and the laverocks sing,
My man Jock and me shall be doin' o't ;
He'll thresh, and I'll toil on the fields in the spring,
An' turn up the soil at the plewin' o't.

shelty, pony, jink, avoid.

Rural Content

An' whan the wee flowerets begin there to blaw,
The laverock, the peasweep, and skirlin' pick-maw
Shall hiss the bleak winter to Lapland awa',
Then we'll ply the blythe hours at the sawin' o't.

An' when the birds sing on the sweet simmer morn,
My new crap I'll keek at the growin' o't ;
When hares niffer love 'mang the green brairdit corn,
An' dew-drops the tender blade showin' o't.

On my brick o' fallow my labours I'll ply,
An' view on their pasture my twa bonny kye ;
Till hairst-time again circle round us wi' joy,
Wi' the fruits o' the sawin' and plewin' o't.

ANDREW SCOTT, 1757-1839.

p.averp, lapwing. *pick-maw*, seagull. *keek*, peep. *niffer*, exchange
brairdit, sprouted. *brick*, portion.

MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor :
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun ;
Could I the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Morison !

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown ;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796.

bide, endure. *secure*, conflict.

MY NANIE, O

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa' to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill :
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O :
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

mirk, dark. penny-fee, wages. cannie, carefully. gear, riches.

My Nanie, O

Our auld guidman delights to viewth
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live an' love my Nanie, O.

ROBERT BURNS.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld "Hornie," "Satan," "Nick," or "Clootie,"
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, auld "Hangie," for a wee
 An' let poor damnèd bodies be ;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gi'e
 Ev'n to a deil,
 'To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me
 An' hear us squeal !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
 Far kenn'd an' notèd is thy name ;
 An' tho' yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
 'Thou travels far ;
 An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin' lion,
 For prey a' holes an' corners tryin' ;
 Whyles, on the strong-winged tempest flyin',
 Tirlin' the kirks ;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
 Unseen thou lurks.

spanger, bespatters. *cootie*, wooden dish. *scaud*, scald. *skelp*, to smite.
lowin', flaring. *heugh*, hollow. *lag*, slow. *blate*, shy. *scaur*, scared.
tirlin', unroofing.

Address to the Deil

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentín' light,
Wi' you, *myself*, I gat a fright
Ayont the lough ;
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight
Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor, "*quaick, quaick*"
Amang the springs,
Awa' ye squatter'd like a drake
On whistlin' wings.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin' icy boord,
Then, water-kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction ;
An' 'nighted trav'lers are allu'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing "*Spunkies*"
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is ;
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

Lang syne in Eden's bonnie yaird,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour—
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r.

sklentín', slanting. *sough*, sigh. *meze*, fist. *eldritch*, elvish. *stoor*, guff.
thowes, thaw. *water-kelpies*, water-spirits. *Spunkie*, will-o'-the-wisp.

Address to the Deil

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawin' dog !
Ye cam' to Paradise *incog*,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa' !)
An' gi'ed the infant warld a shog,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz
Wi' reekit duds and reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the man of Uz
 Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall
An' brak' him out o' house an' hal',
While scabs and blotches did him gall
 Wi' bitter claw ;
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd wick'd scaul
 Was warst ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' techtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce
 Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan' tongue or Erse,
 In Prose or Rhyme.

An' now, auld "Cloots," I ken ye're thinkin'
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
 To your black pit ;
But faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
 An' cheat you yet.

sneck-drawin', cunning. *brogue*, tuck. *shog*, shake. *reekit duds*, clothes smelling of smoke. *reestit gizz*, smoke-dried face. *scaul*, scold. *ding*, beat. *Lallan'*, Lowland. *linkin'*, hurrying. *jinkin'*, eluding.

Address to the Deil

But fare-you-weel, auld "Nickie-ben" !
O wad ye tak' a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 * Still ha'e a stake ;
I'm wae to think upon yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake !

ROBERT BURNS.

ablins, perhaps.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

UPTURNED BY THE PLOUGH

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
 Wi's spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High-sheltering woods and wa's maun shield :
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field
 Unseen, alane.

stoure dust. *biield*, shelter. *histie*, bare.

To a Mountain Daisy

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust ;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink ;
Till, wench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

• Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom !

ROBERT BURNS.

YE BANKS AND BRAES

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair ?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luvè was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'ed a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree ;
But my fause luvè staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

staw, stole.

OF A' THE AIRTS

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers r^w,
And mony a hill between,
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean. Jarle

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tuncfu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower th^{at} springs
By fountain, shaw, or green^{ly} sings
There's not a bonnie bird th^{at} sings
But minds me o' my Jean. ROBERT BURNS.

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And auld lang syne?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

And should you, ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
 And here's a hand o' thine!
 And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.

ROBERT BURNS.

stoup, measure. *fere*, comrade. *gude-willie waught*, a long draught full of good-will.

O, WILLIE BREWED

O, WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut
And Rob and Allan cam' to prie :
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.
We are na fou', we're no that fou',
But just a drappie in our e'e ;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley-bree !

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been
And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he ;
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three !

ROBERT BURNS.

maut, malt. *prie*, taste. *lee-lang*, live-long. *barley-bree*, ale. *mae*,
more. *lift*, sky.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo !

ROBERT BURNS.

jo, sweetheart. brent, unwrinkled. pow, head.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len';
 To anger them a' is a pity—
 But what will I dae wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow
 In poortith I might mak' a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Gude-day to you, coof!"—he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller—
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

• My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten;
 But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gi'ed a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

tittie, sister. fen', shift. ben, to the inner room. minnie, mother.
deave, deafen. sten, bound.

Tam Glen

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve as ye ken—
His likeness cam' up the house stalkin',
The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear tittie ! don't tarry ;
I'll gi'e ye my bonnie black hen
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

ROBERT BURNS.

waukin', watching. droukit, wet.

DUNCAN GRAY

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
 On blithe Yule night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleert an' blin',
 Spak' o' lowpin owre a linn ; y,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ! / ;
 /w,

• Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ! }URNS.
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
 "Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
 "For a haughty hizzie die ?
 She may gae to—France for me !"
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ! }NAIRNE.
 1845.

asklent, askance. *skeigh*, disdainful. *abeigh*, astile
gart, wept. *linn*, waterfall.

Duncan Gray

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O ! her een they spak' sic things ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath.
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

ROBERT BURNS

wooed, smothered case, contented canty, cheerful.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat on the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dew's of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay ;
The dark, dreary winter and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

ROBERT BURNS.

shaw, wood. *laverock*, lark. *mavis*, thrush.

NAIRNE,
1845.

THE LEA-RIG

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary, O ;
Down by the burn where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
To mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

ROBERT BURNS.

1

When the ewes were milked. *dowf*, dull. *lea-rig*, pasture-
gloamin', twilight.

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU

O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mither an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flie ;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me, *
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court na anither though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

ROBERT BURNS.

tent, take heed. a-jee, ajar. lightly, slight.

N AIRNE,
1845.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR,

O WERE my love yon lilac fair
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring ;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.
How I wad mourn when it was torn *
By Autumn wild and Winter rude ;
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
'That grows upon the castle wa' ;
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breist to fa' ;
Oh there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night :
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

ROBERT BURNS.

fley'd, scared.

A RED, RED ROSE

O my luvè's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June ;
O my luvè's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I ;
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
O I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luvè !
And fare-thee-weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luvè,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile !

O my luvè's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June ;
O my luvè's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune

ROBERT

NAIRNE,
1845.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that ?
The coward-slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that ?
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man, for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'ed a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
Enough hundreds worship at his word,
Is but a cuif for a' that.
A' that, and a' that,
Vibband, star, and a' that ;
An' of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A Man's a Man for a' That

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that ;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher *rank* than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

ROBERT BURNS.

Ja' that, try that.

NAIRNE,
1845.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen
 And saii wi' his love he did deave me ,
 I said there was naething I hated like men—
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me ;
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me !

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een
 And vowed for my love he was decin' ,
 I said he might dee when he likèd for Jean—
 The Lord forgi'e me for lecin', for lecin' !
 The Lord forgi'e me for lecin' !

A weel-stockèd mailen - himsel' for the laird—
 And marriage aff-hand were his proffers .
 I never loot on that I kenned it or cared,
 ' thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers ;
 ' thought I might ha'e waur offers.

' I wad ye think ?—in a fortnight or less,
 il tak' his taste to gae near her !
 Gateslack to my black cousin Bess—
 ' e how, the jaud, I could bear her, could bear her,
 ' e how, the jaud, I could bear her !

each week as I fretted wi' care
 ' he tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 my fine fickle lover was there—
 as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock ;
 as I'd seen a warlock !

' waur, worse nist, fair. warlock, male fairy.

Last May a Braw Wooer

But ower my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy ;
My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie ;
And vowed I was his dear lassie.

I speired for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin',
And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet—
But, Heavens ! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
But, Heavens ! how he fell a-swearin'.

He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

ROBERT BURNS.

speired, inquired. *couthy*, kindly. *shachl't*, shapeless.

NAIRNE,
1845.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea :
My plaidie to the angry airt
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw ;
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare ;
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there :
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign ;
'he brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

bield, shelter.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean ;
I'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task is ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And, oh ! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
• My saul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

BARONESS NAIRNE,
1766-1845.

leal, loyal, true-hearted. *fain*, glad.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' affairs o' the state.
He wantit a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour in wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-heid he thocht she'd look well ;
Macleish's ae dochter o' Claverse-ha' Lea,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, and his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, his sword, and cock'd hat,
An' wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that ?

He mountit his mare an' he rade cannily,
'Till he cam' to the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lea ;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wantit to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine,
"What brings the laird at sic a like time ?"
She aff wi' her apron an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doun.

And when she cam' doun, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he sune let her know. *
Amazed was the laird when the lady said "Na !"
And wi' a laigh curtsy she turned awa'.

The Laird o' Cockpen

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e ;
He mountit his mare and he rade cannily ;
And aften he thocht, as he gaed up the glen,
"She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

BARONESS NAIRNE.

ditto, and.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh ! it's owre the Border awa', awa',
It's owre the Border awa', awa',
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castle, an' a', an' a'.

Oh ! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen ?
Will they a' return, our Highland men ?
Second-sichted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mithers grat when they marched away.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?
Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw ?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra !
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While pipers blaw in an unco flare.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

gair, array.

The Hundred Pipers

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,
But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep :
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd, the English saw—they saw—
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

pibroch, pipe music.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
Saft the westlan' breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.

Sweet the crawflower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton wuds
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white cluds ;
Siller saughs wi' downy buds
Adorn the banks sae briery, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

'Trees may bud and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

ROBERT TANNAHILL,
1774-1810.

saughs, willows. *breckans*, ferns. *jouks*, winds.

ROSABELLE

“O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay,
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheugh,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white,
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheugh.
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ”

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well :
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”

inch, island.

Rosabelle

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron for a sable shroud
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair --
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle,
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild birds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT,
1771-1832.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing ;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand at night
You saw the taper shining ;
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying :
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
• Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing :
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him ;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

The Maid of Neidpath

He came—he passed—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing ;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM *MARMION*

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,
 When sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow
 With gloomy splendour red,
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow
That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town !
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains tell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law ;
 And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chased in gold.

From *Marmion*

Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent
 And raised his bridle hand,
And making demi-volte in air,
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land ?"
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see,
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOCHINVAR

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word) :
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

Lochinvar

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, “I were better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood
near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have swift steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan ;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SONG

“ A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine !
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew, my love !
No more of me you knew.

“ This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain,
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.”
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, “ Adieu for evermore, my love !
And adieu for evermore.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

“WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride :
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

Jock of Hazeldean

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen !
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ?”
“When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie say truly ?”—
“The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

“The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LUCY ASHTON'S SONG

Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

REBECCA'S HYMN

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
'Their father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone :
Our fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Rebecca's Hymn

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BORDER BALLAD

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roc;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order.
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

hirsels, flocks.

KILMENY

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;
But it wasna' to meet Duncira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring ;
The scarlet hypp and the hind-berrve,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree.
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minnie look o'er the wa' ;
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw ;
Lang the laird o' Duncira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame !

When many lang day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When ma's for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had pray'd and the deid bell rung,
Late, late in a gloaming when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane ;
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme—
Late, late in the gloaming Kilmeny cam' hame.

yorlin, yellow-hammer. *ingle*, house-fire. *lowed*, blazed. *eiry leme*, unnatural light.



Kilmeny

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang ha'e we sought baith holt and dene,
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree;
Yet you are haesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonnie snood o' the birk sae green?
And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?”

Kilmeny looked up wi' a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she kenned not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare.

When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloaming Kilmeny cam' hame.
And oh her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e.
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's e'en
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.

JAMES HOGG, 1770-1835.

joup, skirt. *snood*, hair-ribbon. *seymar*, loose robe.

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,
O, to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub soar singing away.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,
O, to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG

LUCY'S FLITTIN'

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in,
And left her auld maister and neebors sae dear.

For Lucy had served in 'The Glen a' the simmer ;
She cam' there afore the flower bloomed on the pea,
An orphan was she and they had been kind till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stanin' ;
Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see ;
"Fare ye weel, Lucy," quo' Jamie, and ran in,
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.

As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy," was ilka bird's sang ;
She heard the crow sayin't high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

O, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter ?
And gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e ?
If I wasna' ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?

dowie, sad. *flittin'*, leaving. *gars*, makes. *ettled*, meant.

Lucy's Flittin'

I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see ;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me ;
Yestreen when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.

Tho' now he said naething but "Fare ye weel, Lucy !"
It made me I neither could speak, hear nor see ;
He couldna' say mair but just "Fare ye weel, Lucy !"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW, 1780-1845.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw ;
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

'Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and
worn!"

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1777-1844.

TO THE EVENING STAR

STAR that bringest home the bee
And sett'st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
While the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages :
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness,
And those of youth a *seeming* length
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONG

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying !

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the hly,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever !

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor tetter'd Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he ;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie !

O it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens my e'e,
But the dear Marié I left ahin'
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' bonnilie lowed my ain hearth,
An' smiled my ain Marié ;
I've left a' my heart behin'
In my ain countrie.

The bird comes back to summer
And the blossom to the bee ;
But I'll win back, O never,
To my ain countrie.

O I am leal to high Heaven,
Where soon I hope to be,
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countrie.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,*
1784-1842.

A WISH

GANE were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blaw !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a' ;
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !

There's naught now frae ruin my country can save;
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save ;
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave ;
But the sun, thro' the mirk, blinks blythe in my e'e :
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

O WHY left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
O why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

Here the palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I canna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Or hear the lintie's sang
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' the heart
Come never back again.
There's a track across the deep
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

ROBERT GILFILLAN,
1798-1850.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT

AFORE the Lammas tide
Had dunn'd the birken tree,
In a' our water-side
Nae wife was blest like me ;
A kind gudeman and twa
Sweet bairns were 'round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me ;
But wind, and weet, and snaw
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
In the fa' o' the year.

The Widow's Lament

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns ;
For there his plaid I saw
As gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a's now awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsel'
Reca' my waes to mind,
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I ha'e tined ;
For wha our wheat will saw,
And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fa' o' the year ?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still ;
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill ;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' passed awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet :
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rowes the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

The Widow's Lament

Be kind, O Heaven abune !
To ane sae wae and lane,
An' tak' her hameward sune
In pity o' her maen ;
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

THOMAS SMIBERT, 1810-1854.

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

THE Rhine is running deep and red,

The island lies before —

“Now is there one of all the host

Will dare to venture o’er ?

For not alone the river’s sweep

Might make a brave man quail ,

The foe are on the farther side,

Their shot comes fast as hail ;

God help us if the middle isle

We may not hope to win !

Now is there any of the host

Will dare to venture in ?

“The ford is deep, the banks are steep,

The island-shore lies wide ;

Nor man nor horse could stem its force,

Or reach the farther side.

See there ! amidst the willow-boughs

The serried bayonets gleam ;

They’ve flung their bridge—they’ve won the isle ;

The foe have crossed the stream !

• Their volley flashes sharp and strong—

“ By all the Saints ! I trow

There never yet was soldier born

Could force that passage now ! ”

The Island of the Scots

III

So spoke the bold French Mareschal
With him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view
The turbid river ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross
The wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank
Far stretched the German line.
Hard by there stood a swarthy man
Was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face
As he heard the Captain's word.
"I've seen a wilder stream ere now
Than that which rushes there ;
I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet
And never thought to dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen,
Is ours not strong and true ?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honour too."

The old lord in his saddle turned,
And hastily he said—
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart
Awakened from the dead ?
Thou art the leader of the Scots—
Now well and sure I know
That gentle blood in dangerous hour
Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,
And I have seen ye in the fight
Do all that mortal may ;
If honour is the boon ye seek
It may be won this day—
The prize is in the middle isle,
There lies the adventurous way."

The Island of the Scots

And armies twain are on the plain
The daring deed to see—
Now ask thy gallant company
If they will follow thee ! ”

Right gladsome looked the Captain then,
And nothing did he say,
But he turned him to his little band,
Oh, few I ween were they !
The relics of the bravest force
That ever fought in fray,
No one of all that company
But bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood
In Scotland's fields of fame.
All they had marched with great Dundee
To where he fought and fell,
And in the deadly battle-strife
Had venged their leader well ;
And they had bent the knee to earth
When every eye was dim,
As o'er their hero's buried corpse
They sang the funeral hymn ;
And they had trod the Pass once more,
And stooped on either side
To pluck the heather from the spot
Where he had dropped and died ;
And they had bound it next their hearts
And ta'en a last farewell
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky
Where Scotland's glory fell.
Then went they forth to foreign lands
Like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind
And may not turn again.

The Island of the Scots

VI

The stream, he said, is broad and deep,
And stubborn is the foe—
Yon island strength is guarded well—
Say, brothers, will ye go ?
From home and kin for many a year
Our steps have wandered wide,
And never may our bones be laid
Our fathers' graves beside.
No children have we to lament,
No wives to wail our fall ;
'The traitor's and the spoiler's hand
Have reft our hearths of all.
But we have hearts and we have arms
As strong to will and dare
As when our ancient banners flew
Within the northern air.
Come, brothers, let me name a spell
Shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free
Through pulse, and heart, and vein.
Call back the days of bygone years—
Be young and strong once more ;
'Think yonder stream, so stark and red,
Is one we've crossed before.
Rise, hill and glen ! rise, crag and wood !
Rise up on either hand—
Again upon the Garry's banks
On Scottish soil we stand !
Again I see the tartans wave,
Again the trumpets ring !
Again I hear our leader's call—
" Upon them for the King ! "
Stayed we behind that glorious day
For roaring flood or linn ?
The soul of Græme is with us still—
" Now, brothers, will ye in ? "

The Island of the Scots

VII

No stay—no pause. With one accord
They grasped each other's hand,
Then plunged into the angry flood,
That bold and dauntless band.
High flew the spray above their heads,
Yet onward still they bore,
'Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell,
And shot and cannon roar—
“Now by the Holy Cross! I swear,
Since earth and sea began,
Was never such a daring deed
Essayed by mortal man!”

VIII

Thick blew the smoke across the stream
And faster flashed the flame,
The water plashed in hissing jets
As ball and bullet came.
Yet onwards pushed the Cavaliers,
All stern and undismayed,
With thousand armed foes before
And none behind to aid.
Once, as they neared the middle stream,
So strong the torrent swept
That scarce that long and living wall
Their dangerous footing kept.
Then rose a warning cry behind,
A joyous shout before:
“The current's strong—the way is long—
They'll never reach the shore!
See, see! they stagger in the midst,
They waver in their line!
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks
And whelm them in the Rhine.”

The Island of the Scots

IX

Have you seen the tall trees swaying
When the blast is sounding shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury
Down the gorges of the hill?
How they toss their mighty branches
Struggling with the tempest's shock;
How they keep their place of vantage
Cleaving firmly to the rock!
Even so the Scottish warriors
Held their own against the river;
Though the water flashed around them
Not an eye was seen to quiver;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly
Not a man relaxed his hold:
For their hearts were big and thrilling
With the mighty thoughts of old:
One word was spoke among them
And through the ranks it spread—
"Remember our dead Claverhouse,"
Was all the Captain said.
Then, sternly bending forward,
They wrestled on awhile,
Until they cleared the heavy stream,
Then rushed towards the isle.

X

The German heart is stout and true,
The German arm is strong,
The German foot goes seldom back
Where armed foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore.

The Island of the Scots.

Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline
That rises o'er the parent-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
Than came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench
And o'er it sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press,
They meet the deadly brand !

XI

O lonely island of the Rhine
Where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands,
By those strong reapers thrown ?
What saw the winter moon that night,
As, struggling through the rain,
She poured a wan and fitful light
On marsh, and stream, and plain ?
A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
And bayonets glistening round :
A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
A bare and battered mound ;
And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile,
That sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host
The conquering Scots were there !

XII

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
For those who fought so well ?
And did they honour those who lived,
And weep for those who fell ?
What meed of thanks was given to them
Let aged annals tell.

The Island of the Scots

Why should they bring the laurel-wreath—
Why crown the cup with wine ?
It was not Frenchmen's blood that flowed
So freely on the Rhine—
A stranger band of beggared men
Had done the venturous deed :
The glory was to France alone,
The danger was their need.
And what cared they for idle thanks
From foreign prince and peer ?
What virtue had such honeyed words
The exiled heart to cheer ?
What mattered it that men should vaunt
And loud and fondly swear
That higher feat of chivalry
Was never wrought elsewhere ?
They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land
They ne'er might see again—
For Scotland's high and heathered hills,
For mountain, loch, and glen—
For those who haply lay at rest
Beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf
Where they would gladly be !

XIII

Long years went by. The lonely isle
In Rhine's impetuous flood
Has ta'en another name from those
Who bought it with their blood :
And, though the legend does not live—
For legends lightly die—

The Island of the Scots

The peasant, as he sees the stream
In winter rolling by
And foaming o'er its channel-bed
Between him and the spot
Won by the warriors of the sword,
Still calls that deep and dangerous ford
The Passage of the Scot.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN,
1813-1865.

THE BOATMAN

How often haunting the highest hill-top,
I scan the ocean thy sail to see ;
Wilt come to-night, love ? Wilt come to-morrow ?
Or ever come, love, to comfort me ?

My soul is weary, my heart is breaking ;
With frequent tear-drops mine eyes o'erflow.
Wilt come to-night, love ? May I expect thee ?
Or, sighing sorely, the door put to ?

I question fondly thy friends and ask them
When last they saw thee ? Where thou art now ?
But each one, jeering, some answer gives me
That sends me homeward with burning brow.

They call thee fickle, they call thee false one,
And seek to change me, but all in vain.
No ! thou'rt my dream yet throughout the dark night,
And every morn yet I watch the main.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
O fare ye well, love, where'er ye be.

Translated by THOMAS PATTISON,
1828-1865. . .

AND THERE WILL I BE BURIED

TELL me not the good and wise
Care not where their dust reposes—
That to him in death who lies
Rocky beds are even as roses.

I've been happy above ground ;
I can ne'er be happy under
Out of gentle Teviot's sound—
Part us not, then, far asunder.

Lay me here where I may see
Teviot round his meadows flowing,
And around and over me
Winds and clouds for ever going.

THOMAS DAVIDSON,
1838-1870.

THE ASH TREE

THERE grows an ash by my bour door,
And a' its boughs are buskit braw
In fairest weeds o' simmer green ;
And birds sit singin' on them a'.
But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
An' o' your liltin' let me be ;
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
To weary me—to weary me !

There grows an ash by my bour door,
An' a' its boughs are clad in snaw ;
The ice-drap hings at ilka twig,
And sad the nor' wind soughs thro' a'.
Oh, cease thy mane, thou nor'lan' wind,
And o' thy wailin' let me be ;
'Thou brings deid winters frae their graves
To weary me—to weary me !

O, I wad fain forget them a' ;
Remember'd guid but deepens ill—
As gleids o' licht far seen by nicht
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still.
'Then silent be, thou dear auld tree—
O' a' thy voices let me be ;
They bring the deid years frae their graves
To weary me—to weary me !

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

A SONG OF SIGHING

WOULD some little joy to-day
Visit us, heart !
Could it but a moment stay,
Then depart,
With the flutter of its wings
Stirring sense of brighter things.

Like a butterfly astray
In a dark room ;
Telling : Outside there is day,
Sweet flowers bloom,
Birds are singing, trees are green,
Runnels ripple silver sheen.

Heart, we now have been so long
Sad without change,
Shut in deep from shine and song,
Nor can range ;
It would do us good to know
That the world is not all woe.

Would some little joy to-day
Visit us, heart !
Could it but a moment stay,
Then depart,
With the lustre of its wings
Lighting dreams of happy things,
O sad my heart !

JAMES THOMSON ("B.V."),
1834-1882.

THE COMIN' O' THE SPRING

THERE'S no a muir in my ain land but's fu' o' sang the
 day,
 Wi' the whaup, and the gowden plover, and the lintie
 upon the brae.
 The birk in the glen is springin', the rowan-tree in the
 shaw,
 And every burn is rinnin' wild wi' the meltin' o' the
 snaw.

The wee white cluds in the blue lift are hurryin' light
 and free,
 Their shadows fleein' on the hills, where I, too, fain
 wad be ;
 The wind frae the west is blawin', and wi' it seems to
 bear
 The scent o' the thyme and gowan thro' a' the caller air.

The herd doon the hillside's linkin'. O licht his heart
 may be
 Whose step is on the heather, his glance ower muir and
 lea !
 On the moss are the wild ducks gatherin' whar the pules
 like diamonds lie,
 And far up soar the wild geese wi' weird unyirdly cry.

whaup, curlew. *lintie*, linnet. *shaw*, wood. *lift*, sky. *linkin'*, hurry-
 ing. *unyirdly*, unearthly.

The Comin' o' the Spring

In mony a neuk the primrose lies hid frae stranger e'en,
An' the broom on the knowes is wavin' wi' its cleedin' o'
gowd and green ;
Ower the first green sprigs o' heather, the muir-fowl
faulds his wing.
And there's nought but joy in my ain land at the comin'
o' the Spring !

LADY JOHN SCOTT,
1810-1900.

ETTRICK

WHEN we first rade down Ettrick
Our bridles were ringing, our hearts were dancing,
The waters were singing, the sun was glancing,
An' blithely our voices rang out thegither,
As we brushed the dew frae the blooming heather,
When we first rade down Ettrick.

When we next rade down Ettrick
The day was dying, the wild birds calling,
The wind was sighing, the leaves were falling,
An' silent an' weary, but closer thegither,
We urged our steeds thro' the faded heather,
When we next rade down Ettrick.

When I last rade down Ettrick,
The winds were shifting, the storm was waking,
The snow was drifting, my heart was breaking.
For we never again were to ride thegither,
In sun or storm on the mountain heather,
When I last rade down Ettrick.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

THE LAMMERMUIR LILT

*HARPYs the crow that builds
Her nest in Trotten Shaw,
And drinks o' the Water o' Dye
For nae mair may I.*

Blythe may the muircock crow
On the heights abune Scaurlaw ;
'Mang the heather-blooms he'll flee,
But there never main will I be.

It's weel for the plovers that bigg
On the bonnie leas o' Whinrigg,
An' whistle on the Rawburn Stane,
But I'll never be there again.

Blest are the trouts whase doom
Is i' the Water o' Watch to soom,
An' in the Twinlaw Ford to play,
But far frae it I maun gae.

The hare may rin merry eneuch
On the braes o' Horsecupcleuch,
Where the broom grows lang an' fair,
But I'll never see it mair.

The tod may be happier still
On the back o' the Twinlaw hill
'Mang the bonnie moss-hags to hide,
But there I maunna bide.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

bigg, build. tod, fox.

ANNIE LAURIE

MAXWELLTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true ;
Gied me her promise true,
That ne'er forgot sall be ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on ;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
And like winds in simmer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet ;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

LADY JOHN SCOTCH

CANADIAN BOAT SONG

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores,
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars.
Fair these broad meads--these hoary woods are
grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear
stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanish'd,
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

shieling, hut. *keep*, tower.

Canadian Boat Song

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter,
O then for clansman true and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are
grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR

WILL ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair?
Owre the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa'
This bonnie simmer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doon on holm and ha'.

And what wad ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
A lang dreich road, ye had better let it be;
Save some auld skrunts o' birk
I' the hill-side lirk
There's nocht in the warld for man to see.

But the blythe lilt o' yon air,
"The Bush aboon Traquair,"
I need nae mair, it's eneuch for me;
Owre my cradle its sweet chime
Cam' soughin' frae auld time,
Sae, tide what may, I'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon,
Thae' the Gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the vale o' Tweed.

aboon, above. *sklents*, slants. *dreich*, fatiguing. *skrunts o' birk*, stunted birches. *lirk*, hollow. *cushies*, wood-pigeons. *croon*, sing softly.

The Bush aboon Traquair

And birks saw I three or four
Wi' grey moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonnie, bonnie gloamin's that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but-and-ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam' ane hour to spen' on the greenwood sward ;
But lang hae lad and lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green, green grass o' 'Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trysting there
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun ;
And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
In Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Names o' lovers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene,
But the blythe lilt o' yon air
Keeps the bush aboon Traquair
And the love that aince was there aye fresh and green.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP,
1819-1885.

but-and-ben, cottage with two rooms. *trysting*, meeting. *loosenest*, most sheltered.

MISS PENELOPE LEITH

LAST heiress she of many a rood,
Where Ugie winds through Buchan braes—
A treeless land where beeves are good
And men have quaint old-fashioned ways,
And every burn has ballad-lore
And every hamlet has its song,
And on its surf-beat rocky shore
The eerie legend lingers long.
Old customs live there unaware
That they are garments cast away ;
And what of light is shining there
Is lingering light of yesterday.

Never to her the new day came,
Or if it came she would not see ;
This world of change was still the same
To our old-world Penelope !
New fashions rose, old fashions went,
But still she wore the same brocade,
With lace of Valenciennes or Ghent
More dainty by her darning made,
A little patch upon her face,
A tinge of colour on her cheek,
A frost of powder, just to grace
The locks that time began to streak.

A staid lady : to the poor
Her manner was without reproach ;
But from the Causeway she was sure
To snub the Provost in his coach :

Miss Penelope Leith

In pride of birth she did not seek
Her scorn of upstarts to conceal,
But of a Bailie's wife would speak
As if she bore the fisher's creel.
She said it kept them in their place,
Their fathers were of low degree ;
She said the only saving grace
Of upstarts was humility.

The quaint old Doric still she used,
And it came kindly from her tongue ;
And oft the "mim-folk" she abused,
Who mincing English said or sung :
She took her claret nothing loth,
Her snuff that one small nostril curled ;
She might rap out a good round oath
But would not mince it for the world ;
And yet the wild word sounded less
In that Scotch tongue of other days ;
'Twas just like her old-fashioned dress,
And part of her old-fashioned ways.

At every fair her face was known,
Well skilled in kyloes and in queys ;
And well she led the fiddler on
To "wale" the best of his strathspeys ;
Lightly she held the man who rose
While the toast-hammer still could rap,
And brought her gossip to a close,
Or spoilt her after-dinner nap ;
Tea was for women, wine for men,
And if they quarrelled o'er their cups,
They might go to the peat-moss then,
And fight it out like stags or tups.

She loved a bishop or a dean,
A surplice or a rocket well ;
At all the Church's feasts was seen,
And called the Kirk, Conventicle ;

Miss Penelope Leith

Was civil to the minister
But stiff and frigid to his wife,
And looked askance and sniffed at her
As if she lived a dubious life.
But yet his sick her cellars knew
Well stored from Portugal or France,
And many a savoury soup and stew
Her game-bags furnished to the Manse.

But if there was a choicer boon
Above all else she would have missed,
It was on Sunday afternoon
To have her quiet game at whist
Close to the window, when the Whigs
Were gravely passing from the Kirk,
And some on foot, and some in gigs,
Would stare at her unhallowed work :
She gloried in her "devil's books"
That cut their sour hearts to the quick ;
Rather than miss their wrathful looks
She would have almost lost the trick.

Her politics were of the age
Of Claverhouse or Bolingbroke ;
Still at the Dutchman she would rage,
And still of gallant Grahame she spoke.
She swore 'twas right that Whigs should die
Psalm-snivelling in the wind and rain,
Though she would ne'er have harmed a fly
For buzzing on the window-pane.
And she had many a plaintive rhyme
Of royal Charlie and his men ;
For her there was no later time,
All history had ended then.

The dear old sinner ! yet she had
A kindly human heart, I wot,
And many a sorrow she made glad,
And many a tender mercy wrought !

Miss Penelope Leith

And though her way was somewhat odd,
Yet in her way she feared the Lord,
And thought she best could worship God
By holding Pharisees abhorred,
By being honest, fearless, true,
And thorough both in word and deed,
And by despising what is new
And clinging to her old-world creed.

WALTER C. SMITH,
1824-1908.

THERE'S AN OLD UNIVERSITY TOWN

THERE'S an old University town
Between the Don and the Dee,
Looking over the grey sand dunes,
Looking out on the cold North Sea.
Breezy and blue the waters be,
And rarely there you shall fail to find
The white horse-tails lashing out in the wind,
Or the mists from the land of ice and snow
Creeping over them chill and slow.
Sitting o' nights in his silent room,
The student hears the lonesome boom
Of the breaking waves on the long sand reach
And the chimring of pebbles along the beach ;
And gazing out on the level ground,
Or the hush of keen stars wheeling round,
He *feels* the silence in the sound.

O'er the College Chapel a grey stone crown
Lightsomely soars above tree and town,
Lightsomely fronts the Minster towers,
Lightsomely chimes out the passing hours
To the solemn knell of their deep-toned bell ;
Kirk and College keeping time,
Faith and Learning, chime for chime.
The Minster stands among the graves
And its shadow falls on the silent river ;
The Chapel is girt with young Life's waves,
And the pulses of Life there are passioning ever.

WALTER C. SMITH.

NOVEMBER'S CADENCE

THE bees about the Linden-tree,
When blithely summer blooms were springing,
Would hum a heartsome melody,
The simple baby-soul of singing ;
And thus my spirit sang to me
When youth its wanton way was winging :
 " Be glad, be sad—thou hast the choice,
 But mingle music with thy voice."

The linnets on the Linden-tree,
Among the leaves in autumn dying,
Are making gentle melody,
A mild, mysterious, mournful sighing ;
And thus my spirit sings to me
While years are flying, flying, flying :
 " Be sad, be sad – thou hast no choice,
 But mourn with music in thy voice."

• EARL OF SOUTHERSK,
1827-1905.

THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold ;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks ;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints,—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts,
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming,—when the light departs
At evening bring us home !

The darkness gathers. 'Thro' the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are.
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snow-drifts thicken.
O thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night,—our tardy footsteps quicken.
 * At evening bring us home !

SIR JOHN SKELTON,
1831-1897.

A WEST HIGHLANDER

(Suggested by Mr. Gourlay Steel's picture "The Bull.")

HE stands among the fields of corn
Beside the reapers and the stooks,
And thro' the breezy autumn looks
Towards the morn.

His watchful eyes are fierce and soft
As falcon's o'er her harried nest ;
'The branching horns and shaggy crest
Are swept aloft.

Slowly the heaped wain drags along ;
The reapers move with even feet ;
Sweet is the breath of morn, and sweet
The gleaner's song.

But not the song of lowland bards,
Nor morning light thro' autumn leaves,
Nor hoarded wealth of yellow sheaves
His soul regards.

Where the stag looks across the walls
That gird the west, and with the dawn
'The plover wakes, and the wild swan
At midnight calls,—

Beyond the corries of the snow
He sees upon the mountain's face
'The birth-place of his hardy race,
His own Glencoe.

SIR JOHN SKELTON.

corrie, hollow in a hill.

A BORDER BURN

GIE me a Border burn
 That canna rin without a turn,
 And wi' its bonnie babble fills
 The glens amang oor native hills.
 How men that ance have ken'd aboot it
 Can leeve their after lives without it
 I canna tell, for day and night
 It comes unca'd for to my sicht.
 I see't this moment, plain as day,
 As it comes bickerin' ower the brae,
 Atween the clumps o' purple heather
 Glistenin' in the summer weather,
 Syne divin' in below the grun'
 Where, hidden frae the sicht and sun,
 It gibbers like a deid man's ghost
 That clamours for the licht it's lost,
 Till oot again the loupin limmer,
 Comes dancin' doon through shine and shimmer
 At heidlang pace, till wi' a jaw
 It jumps the rocky waterfa',
 And cuts sic cantrips in the air,
 The picter-pentin' man's despair;
 A row'ntree bus' oot ower the tap o't,
 A glassy pule to kep the lap o't,
 While on the brink the blue harebell
 Keeks ower to see its bonny sel'.

bickerin', hastening. *loupin'*, leaping. *limmer*, playful young girl. *jaw*,
 *wave. *cantrip*, caper. *kep*, catch. *lap*, overflow. *keeks*, peeps.

A Border Burn

And sittin' chirpin' a' its lane
A water-waggy on a stane,
Ay, penter lad, thraw to the wund
Your canvas, this is holy grund :
Wi' a' its highest airt acheevin',
That picter's deid, and *this* is leevin'.

ETTRICK

And then, is there a bonnier bit
On ony water, heid to fit,
Where tumblin' doon the rugged streams,
The lashin' water froths and creams,
Till ower the salmon-loup it spins
'Tween green Helmburn and Kirkhope Linns,
Where Ettrick rins ?

Then past Brigend
And fair Howford it tak's a bend,
And wanders through wi' gentler turn
'The quiet haughs o' Hutlerburn ;
Then on its way it gies a ca'
At Fauldshope, Aikwood, Carterha',
Where fairy-fettered young 'Tamlane
'Through Love's great power was freed again.
And noo we've broucht oor wanderin' feet
To where the Forest waters meet ;
Where Yarrow's sorrow-laden sang
That 'mong her hills has linger't lang,
At length yields up her soul—at rest,
A maiden on her lover's breast.

The meeting-pule to me was dear,
I mind its waters deep and clear ;
I've fish't it often as a callant
Wi' muckle zeal and little talent.
The native flowers, the auld-worlt stories,
The lyric love, the Border forays,

its lane, alone. *haughs*, meadows. *callant*, boy.

A Border Burn

Its whisperin' eddies, ins and oots
Spak' ever mair to me than troots—
Fair Water ! fairer though it be
Clad in its daithless minstrelsy.
Yet though its sang shall never wane
It has a beauty o' its ain :
I see its banks, I hear its voices
As wanderin' onward it rejoices.
And though its music's far frae me,
And though I ken it canna be,
The tear my e'en a moment blin's,
I hear the linties in the whins
Where Ettrick rins.

“J. B. SELKIRK,”
1832-1904.

Linties, linnets. *whins*, gorse.

DEATH IN YARROW

It's no the sax month gane
Sin' a' our cares began—
Sin' she left us here alane
Her callant and guidman.
It was in the spring she dee'd,
And noo we're in the fa',
And sair we've struggled wi't
Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

An awfu' blow was that—
The deed that ~~nae~~ can dree ;
And lang and sair ~~grat~~ grat
For her we couldna see.
I've aye been strong and fell,
And can stand a gey bit thraw,
But the laddie's no hisselt'
Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

In a' the water-gate,
Ye couldna find his marrow—
There wasna ane his mate
In Ettrick Shaws or Yarrow.
But he hasna noo the look
He used to hae ava ;
He's grown sae little buik
Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

fa', autumn. *dree*, endure. *grat*, wept. *fell*, active. *buik*, bulk.

Death in Yarrow[†]

I tak' him on my back
In ilka blink o' sun,
Rin roun' aboot the stack,
And mak'-believe it's fun.
But weel he kens, I warrant,
'There's something wrang for a',
He's turned sae auld-farrant
Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

For when he's played his fill,
I canna help but see
How he draws his creepie-stool
Aye the closer to my knee ;
And he turns his muckle een
To the picter on the wa',
Wi' a face grown thin and keen
Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

I mak' his pickle meat—
And I think I mak' it weel—
And I warm his little feet
When I hap him i' the creel ;
And he kisses me fu' couthie,
For he downa sleep at a',
Till he hauds up his bit mouthie,
Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

And then I dander oot
When I can dae nae mair,
And walk the hills aboot,
I dinna aye ken where ;
For my hairt's wi' ane abune,
And the ane is growin' twa,
He's dwined sae sair, sae sune,
Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

auld-farrant, wise beyond his years. *hap*, cover. *creel*, wicker cradle
couthie, kindly. *dander* walk slowly. *dwined*, wasted, pined.

Death in Yarrow

And noo the lang day's dune,
And the nicht's begun to fa',
And a bonnie harvest mune
Rises up on Bourhope Law.
It's a bonnie warlt this,
But it's no for me at a',
For a' thing's gane amiss
Sin' his mother gaed awa'

"J. B. SELKIRK."

VITA UMBRATILIS

I SEEK no earthly praise
To give me aid,
Rather the silent ways,
The quiet shade,
Where no vain word may thwart
Thy voice within my heart.

I envy not the wise
Who would unveil
Those deeper mysteries
Our hearts assail.
Life's darkest paths are meet,
If Thou but guide our feet.

Nor riches will I seek
With their display ;
I only would bespeak
Some little way
My daily wants above
To comfort those I love.

The great star-curtain drawn
Across the night,
The mighty wings of dawn
Flashing its light
Upon the mountain's brow !
And 'Thou, my God, and 'Thou !

“J. B. SELKIRK.”

THE WEDDING OF SHON MACLEAN

A BAGPIPE MELODY

To the wedding of Shon Maclean
Twenty Pipers together
Came in the wind and the rain
Playing across the heather ;
Backward their ribbons flew,
Blast upon blast they blew,
Each clad in tartan new,
Bonnet and blackcock feather ;
And every Piper was fou,
'Twenty Pipers together' !—

He's but a Sassenach blind and vain
Who never heard of Shon Maclean—
The Duke's own Piper, called "Shon the Fair,"
From his freckled skin and his fiery hair.
Father and son, since the world's creation
The Macleans had followed this occupation,
And played the pibroch to fire the Clan
Since the first Duke came and the earth began.
Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of bees,
Like the sough of the south-wind in the trees,
Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
Like Ocean itself with its storms and its calms
Were the strains of Shon, when with cheeks aflame
He blew a blast thro' the pipes of fame.

Sassenach, Saxon. *pibroch*, pipe music. *sough*, sighing.

The Wedding of Shon Maclean

At last in the prime of his playing life,
The spirit moved him to take a wife—
A lassie with eyes of Highland blue
Who loved the pipes and the Piper too,
And danced to the sound with a foot and a leg
White as a lily and smooth as an egg.
So, twenty pipers were coming together
O'er the moor and across the heather,
All in the wind and the rain ;
Twenty Pipers so brawly dressed
Were flocking in from the east and the west,
To bless the bedding and blow their best
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
'Twas wet and windy weather,
Yet thro' the wind and the rain
Came twenty Pipers together ;
Earach and Dougal Dhu,
Sandy of Isla too,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
'Tartan and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !

The knot was tied, the blessing said,
Shon was married, the feast was spread ;
At the head of the table sat huge and hoar
Strong Sandy of Isla, age fourscore,
Whisker'd, grey as a Haskeir seal,
And clad in crimson from head to heel.
Beneath and round him in their degree
Gathered the men of minstrelsie,
With keepers, gillies, and lads and lasses
Mingling voices and jingling glasses.
At soup and haggis, at roast and boil'd
Awhile the happy gathering toil'd,—

The Wedding of Shon Maclean

While Shon and Jean at the table ends
Shook hands with a hundred of their friends.—
Then came a hush. 'Thro' the open door
A wee bright form flash'd on the floor,—
The Duke himself, in the kilt and plaid,
With slim soft knees, like the knees of a maid.
And he took a glass, and he cried out plain—
"I drink to the health of Shon Maclean,
To Shon the Piper and Jean his wife
A clean fireside and a merry life!"
Then out he slipt, and each man sprang
To his feet and with "hooch" the chamber rang;
"Clear the tables!" shrieked out one—
A leap, a scramble,—and it was done!
And then the Pipers all in a row
Tuned their pipes and began to blow,
While all to dance stood fain:
Sandy of Isla and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu from Kilflannan shore,
Played up the company on the floor
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
'Twenty Pipers together
Stood up while all their train
Ceased to clatter and blether.
Full of the mountain dew,
First in their pipes they blew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Red-cheek'd, with lungs of leather:
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together!

Who led the dance? In pomp and pride
The Duke himself led out the Bride!
Great was the joy of each beholder
For the wee Duke only reach'd her shoulder;

The Wedding of Shon Maclean

And they danced and turned, when the reel began,
Like a giantess and a fairy man !
But like an earthquake was the din
When Shon himself led the Duchess in !
And she took her place before him there
Like a white mouse dancing with a bear !
So trim and tiny, so slim and sweet,
Her blue eyes watching Shon's great feet,
With a smile that could not be resisted,
She jigged, and jumped and twirl'd and twisted !
Sandy of Isla led off the reel,
The Duke began it with toe and heel,
Then all joined in amain ;
Twenty Pipers ranged in a row,
From squinting Shamus to Lame Kilcroe,
Their cheeks like crimson, began to blow
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
They blew with lungs of leather,
And blithesome was the strain
Those Pipers played together !
Moist with the mountain-dew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan, and blackcock feather ;
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !

Oh for a wizard's tongue to tell
Of all the wonders that befell,
Of how the Duke, when the first stave died,
Reached up on tiptoe to kiss the Bride,
While Sandy's pipes, as their mouths were meeting,
Skirl'd and set every heart a-beating !
Then Shon took the pipes ! and all was still,
As silently he the bags did fill,

The Wedding of Shon Maclean

With flaming cheeks and round bright eyes,
Till the first faint music began to rise.
Like a thousand laverocks singing in tune,
Like countless corn-craiks under the moon,
Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells ringing,
Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,
Blew the pipes of Shon ; and the witching strain
Was the gathering song of the Clan Maclean !
Then slowly, softly, at his side,
All the Pipers around replied,
And swelled the solemn strain ;
The hearts of all were proud and light
To hear the music, to see the sight,
And the Duke's own eyes were dim that night,
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

So to honour the Clan Maclean
Straight they began to gather,
Blowing the wild refrain
Blue bonnets across the heather.
They stump'd, they strutted, they blew ;
They shriek'd ; like cocks they crew ;
Blowing the notes out true,
With wonderful lungs of leather ;
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together.

• ROBERT BUCHANAN,
1841-1901.

A DECEMBER DAY

BLUE, blue is the sea to-day,
Warmly the light
Sleeps on St. Andrew's Bay—
Blue, fringed with white.

That's no December sky !
Surely 'tis June
Holds now her state on high,
Queen of the noon.

Only the tree-tops bare
Crowning the hill,
Clear-cut in perfect air,
Warn us that still

Winter, the aged chief,
Mighty in power,
Exiles the tender leaf,
Exiles the flower.

Is there a heart to-day,
A heart that grieves
For flowers that fade away,
For fallen leaves ?

• Oh, not in leaves or flowers
Endures the charm
That clothes those naked towers
With love-light warm.

A December Day

O dear St. Andrew's Bay,
Winter or Spring
Gives not nor takes away
Memories that cling

All round thy girdling reefs,
That walk thy shore,
Memories of joys and griefs
Ours evermore.

R. F. MURRAY,
1863-1893.

AFTER MANY DAYS

THE mist hangs round the College tower,
The ghostly street
Is silent at this midnight hour,
Save for my feet.

With none to see and none to hear,
Downward I go
To where, beside the rugged pier,
The sea sings low.

It sings a tune well loved and known
In days gone by,
When often here, and not alone,
I watched the sky.

That was a barren time at best,
Its fruits were few ;
But fruits and flowers had keener zest
And fresher hue.

Life has not since been wholly vain,
And now I bear
Of wisdom plucked from joy and pain
Some slender share.

But, howsoever rich the store,
I'd lay it down,
To feel upon my back once more
The old red gown.

R. F. MURRAY.

THE SPAEWIFE

O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—
Why chops are guid to brander and nane sae guid to
fry,
An' siller that's sae braw to keep, is brawer still to gi'e,
—It's gey an' easy speirin', says the beggar-wife to me.

O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—
Hoo a' things come to be whaur we find them when
we try,
The lassies in their claes an' the fishes in the sea,
—It's gey an' easy speirin', says the beggar-wife to me.

O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—
Why lads are a' to sell an' lasses a' to buy!
An' naebody for dacency but barely twa or three,
—It's gey an' easy speirin', says the beggar-wife to me.

O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—
Gin death's as shüre to men as killin' is to kye,
Why God has filled the yearth sae fu' o' tasty things
to pree,
—It's gey an' easy speirin', says the beggar-wife to me.

O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—
The reason o' the cause and the wherefore o' the why,
Wi' mony anither riddle brings the tear into n
—It's gey an' easy speirin', says the beggar-wife to me.

R. L. STEVENSON,
1850-1894.

brander, grill. *siller*, money. *speirin'*, asking. *gey*, very. *gin*, if. *pree*, taste.

THE COUNTERBLAST—1886

My bonny man, the warld, it's true,
Was made for neither me nor you ;
It's just a place to warstle through,
 As Job confessed o't ;
And aye the best that we'll can do
 Is mak' the best o't.

There's rowth o' wrang, I'm free to say :
The simmer brunt, the winter blae,
The face of earth a' fyled wi' clay
 An' dour wi' chuckies,
An' life a rough an' land'art play
 For country buckies.

An' food's anither name for clart ;
An' beasts an' brambles bite an' skart ;
An' what would *we* be like, my heart,
 If bared o' claethin' ?
—Aweel, I canna mend your cart,
 It's that or naethin'.

A feck o' folk frae first to last
Have through this queer experience passed ;
Twa-three, I ken, just damn an' blast
 The hale transaction,
But twa-three ithers, east an' wast,
 Fand satisfaction.

warstle, wrestle. *rowth*, plenty. *brunt*, burned. *blae*, blue, cold. *fyled*,
soiled. *dour*, hard. *'chuckies*, stones. *buckies*, gay lads. *clart*, mud. *skart*,
scratch. *a feck*, many.

The Counterblast—1886

Whaur braid the briery muirs expand,
A waefu' an' a weary land,
The bumble-bees, a gowden band,
 Are blithely hingin' ;
An' there the canty wanderer fand
 The laverock singin'.

Trout in the burn grow great as herr'n' ;
The simple sheep can find their fair'n' ;
The wind blaws clean about the cairn
 Wi' caller air ;
The muircock an' the barefit bairn
 Are happy there.

Sic-like the howes o' life to some :
Green loans whaur they ne'er fash their thumb,
But mark the muckle winds that come
 Soopin' and cool,
Or hear the powrin' burnie drum
 In the shilfa's pool.

The evil wi' the guid they tak' ;
They ca' a grey thing grey, no' black ;
To a steigh brae a stubborn back
 Addressin' daily ;
An' up the rude unbiel'dy track
 O' life gang gaily.

What you would like's a palace ha'
Or Sinday parlour dink an' braw,
Wi' a' things ordered in a raw
 By denty leddies.
Wee!, then, ye canna hae't ; that's a'
 That to be said is.

laverock, lark. *cairn*, heap of stones. *loans*, lanes. *fash their thumb*, vex themselves. *shilfa*, chaffinch. *steigh*, steep. *unbiel'dy*, unsheltered. *dink*, neat.

The Counterblast—1886

An' since at life ye've ta'en the grue,
An' winna blithely hirsle through,
Ye've fund the very thing to do—
 That's to drink speerit ;
An' shūne we'll hear the last o' you—
 An' blithe to hear it !

The shoon ye coft, the life ye lead,
Ithers will heir when aince ye're deid ;
They'll heir your tasteless bits o' breid
 An' find it sappy ;
They'll to your dulefū house succeed
 An' there be happy.

As whan a glum an' fractious wean
Has sat an' sullened by his lane,
Till, wi' a rowstin' skelp, he's ta'en
 An' shoo'd to bed -
The ither bairns a' fa' to play'n'
 As gleg's a gled.

R. L. STEVENSON.

grue, distaste. *hirsle*, move without rising. *coft*, bought. *sappy*, moist, delicious. *dulefū*, doleful. *glum*, sulky. *fractious wean*, troublesome child. *by his lane*, alone. *rowstin' skelp*, a smart slap. *shoo'd*, driven. *gleg*, eager. *gled*, hawk.

IT'S AN OWERCOME SOOTH

It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young an' auld,
And it's him that has bereft me ;
For the sürest friends are the auldest friends,
And the maist o' mine's hae left me.

There are kind hearts still for friends to fill
And fools to take and break them ;
But the nearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the grave's the place to seek them.

R. L. STEVENSON.

over come, refrain.

BALLADE OF THE TWEED

THE ferox rins in rough Loch Awe,
A weary cry frae ony toun ;
The Spey, that louns o'er linn and fa',
They praise a' ither streams aboon ;
They boast their braes o' bonny Doon :
Gie me to hear the ringing reel,
Where shilfas sing and cushats croon,
By fair Tweedside at Ashiestiel !

'There's Ettrick, Meggat, Ail, and a',
Where trout swim thick in May and June ;
Ye'll see them take in showers o' snaw
Some blinking, cauldrie April noon :
Rax ower the palmer and march-broun,
And syne we'll show a bonny creel,
In spring or simmer, late or soon,
By fair Tweed-side at Ashiestiel !

'There's mony a water great or sma',
Gaes singing in his siller tune,
Through glen and heugh, and hope and shaw,
Beneath the sunlight or the moon :
But set us in our fishing-shoon
Between the Caddon-burn and Peel,
And syne we'll cross the heather broun
By fair Tweed-side at Ashiestiel !

ANDREW LANG, 18, 4 1912.

TWILIGHT ON TWEED

THREE crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain,
The kind remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the Border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land ;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow ;
The air is full of ballad notes
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Plashed in the golden stream.

'Twilight and Tweed and Eildon Hill,
Fair and too fair you be ;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.

ANDREW LANG.

APRIL ON TWEED

As birds are fain to build their nest
The first soft sunny day,
So longing wakens in my breast
A month before the May,
When now the wind is from the West
And Winter melts away.

The snow lies yet on Eildon Hill,
But soft the breezes blow.
If melting snows the waters fill,
We nothing heed the snow,
But we must up and take our will,—
A-fishing will we go !

Below the branches brown and bare,
Beneath the primrose lea,
The trout lies waiting for his fare,
A hungry trout is he ;
He's hooked, and springs and splashes there
Like salmon from the sea !

Oh ! April tide's a pleasant tide
However times may fall,
And sweet to welcome Spring, the Bride,
You hear the mavis call ;
But all adown the water-side
The Spring's most fair of all.

ANDREW LANG.

THE END OF THE TERM

ST. ANDREWS

FAREWELL ! before the Winter goes we go,
Before the flush of Spring,
We leave the gardens flaked with foam for snow
Ere the larks dare to sing :
Good-bye ! the minster grey
Must watch it pass away,
The fitting colour of the scarlet gown ;
We shall not see the green above the grey,
The summer in the Town.

Farewell the long line of the violet hills
Beyond the yellow sand,
The wide brown level that the water fills
Between the sea and land ;
The sea-birds call and cry
On shining sands or dry,
Along the foam-fringed marges of the Bay ;
We shall not see the splendour of July
Here—nor the longest day !

Farewell ! for turning a reluctant face
Once more we seek the din,
The lurid light on that abhorrent place
Of luxury and sin ;
Farewell ! yet once we knew
How the brief twilight through
The sunset with the sunrise mingled here,
Above the grey links and the waters blue
In summer of the year.

ANDREW 'LANG.

ANOTHER WAY

"COME to me in my dreams, and then,"
One saith, "I shall be well again,
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day."

Nay, come not thou in dreams, my sweet,
With shadowy robes and silent feet,
And with the voice and with the eyes
That greet me in a soft surprise.

Last night, last night in dreams we met,
And how, to-day, shall I forget,
Or how, remembering, restrain
Mine incommunicable pain?

Nay, where thy land and people are
Dwell thou remote, apart, afar,
Nor mingle with the shapes that sweep
The melancholy ways of Sleep.

But if, perchance, the shadows break,
If dreams depart and men awake,
If face to face at length we see,
Be thine the voice to welcome me.

ANDREW LANG.

HOW THE MAID MARCHED FROM BLOIS

(Supposed to be narrated by James Power or Polwarth, her
Scottish banner-painter)

THE Maiden called for her great destrier,
But he lashed like a fiend when the Maid drew near ;
“Lead him forth to the Cross,” she cried, and he stood
Like a steed of bronze by the Holy Rood !

Then I saw the Maiden mount and ride,
With a good steel sperthe that swung by her side,
And girt with the sword of the Heavenly Bride,
That is sained with crosses five for a sign,
The mystical sword of St. Catherine ;
And the lily banner was blowing wide,
With the flowers of France on the field of fame,
And, blent with the blossoms, the Holy Name,
And the Maiden’s blazon was shown on a shield
Argent, a dove, on an azure field ;
That banner was wrought by this hand, ye see,
For the love of the Maid and chivalry.
Her banner was borne by a page of grace,
With hair of gold and a lady’s face ;
And behind it the ranks of her men were dressed—
Never a man but was clean confessed.
Jackman and archer, lord and knight,
Their souls were clean and their hearts were light ;
There was never an oath, there was never a laugh,
And La Hire swore soft by his leading staff,
Had we died in that hour we had won the skies
And the Maiden had marched us through Paradise !

How the Maid Marched from Blois

A moment she turned to the people there,
Who had come to gaze on the Maiden fair ;
A moment she glanced at the ring she wore,
She murmured the Holy Name it bore,
Then, "For France and the King, good people, pray !"
She spoke, and she cried to us "*On and away,*"
And the shouts broke forth, and the flowers rained down,
And the Maiden led us to Orleans town.

ANDREW LANG.

JEANNE D'ARC

THE honour of a loyal boy,
The courage of a paladin,
With maiden's mirth, the soul of joy,
These dwelt her happy breast within.
From shame, from doubt, from fear, from sin
As God's own angels was she free ;
Old worlds shall end, and new begin
To be

Ere any come like her who fought
For France, for freedom, for the King !
Who counsel of redemption brought,
Whence even the armed Archangel's wing
Might weary sore in voyaging ;
Who heard her voices cry, " Be free ! "
Such Maid no later human spring
Shall see !

Saints Michael, Catharine, Margaret,
Who sowed the seed that Thou must reap,
If eyes of angels may be wet,
And if the saints have leave to weep,
In Paradise one pain they keep,
Maiden ! one mortal memory,
One sorrow that can never sleep
For Thee !

ANDREW LANG.

TUSITALA

WE spoke of a rest in a fairy knowe of the North, but he,
Far from the firths of the East and the racing tides of
the West,
Sleeps in the sight and the sound of the infinite Southern
Sea,
Weary and well content in his grave on the Vača crest.

Tusitala, the lover of children, the teller of tales,
Giver of counsel and dreams, a wonder, a world's
delight,
Looks o'er the labours of men in the plain and the hill ;
and the sails
Pass and repass on the sea that he loved, in the day
and the night.

Winds of the West and the East in the rainy season blow
Heavy with perfume, and all his fragrant woods are
wet ;
Winds of the East and West, as they wander to and fro,
Bear him the love of the land he loved, and the long
regret.

Once we were kindest, he said, when leagues of the
limitless sea
Flowed between us, but now that no wash of the
wandering tides
Sunders us each from each, yet nearer we seem to be,
Whom only the unbridged stream of the river of
Death divides.

ANDREW LANG.

IN THE PARK

THE chestnuts bloomed in the Park, in the warm blue
air of May,
And my heart rose light as a lark that sang as it soared
away—

Up, up, up, still up, for summer was nigh that day.

Bird on the wing, what revel was mine abroad with thee,
Out in the sunshine, up in the azure, jubilant, free,
With never a dismal thought of dismal days to be!

The trees are bare in the Park, for the time of snow is
near,
And chill are the days and dark, and my heart is grave
with fear,
And down, down, down, still down it sinks with the
sinking year.

Bird in my bosom, sing me the song of long ago,
And what care I for leaden sky or the bitter winds that
blow,
My world grows white as with summer bloom, and not
with winter snow.

A. CRIGHTON ALEXANDER,
1845-1915.

A SONG OF PILGRIMAGE

LONDON is left to its toil, we are free from its gloom
overhead,
We can see the glory of God in the azure of heaven
instead ;
But dark is our path. O Leader of men, we seek to
be led.

Domine, dirige nos !

Thou art the Lord Whom we own, and Thy word is
the rule of our way,
O Thou with the keys in Thy hand, who dost our
destiny sway,
From Whom are the openings of life, and with Whom
is the closed yesterday.

Domine, dirige nos !

Dear are the friends we have left. Are there waiting
us others as kind ?
Far off the old home seems, and the new home farther
to find.
One is our Guide unseen, Who in sure paths leadeth the
blind.

Domine, dirige nos !

Are not the " far " and the " farther " set in their bounds
by Thee ?
Are not our times appointed, and where Thou wouldst
have us to be,
Thou Who tellest and turnest the wandering waves of
the sea ?

Domine, dirige nos !

A Song of Pilgrimage

Lord of our life in its range, O Thou with the keys in
Thy hand,
Changeless, controlling all change, so order our steps
that we stand
In our lot at the end of the days—our own place in the
heavenly land.

Domine, dirige nos !

A. CRIGHTON ALEXANDER.

SLEEP

IN the soundless sea of sleep, a magic island,
Coral-guarded in a still lagoon,
Waves with palmy vale and cypressed highland,
Gold with sunlight, silver with the moon.
He who, weary, on its shore emerges,
Hears no more the thunder of the deep,
Only dreamful booming of far surges
On the banks of sleep.

Only on the girdling coral reefs the washings
Of the shifting tide of deep repose,
Only on the inner beach the splashings
Of the inner sleep the reefs enclose,
Of the still lagoon, the lake enchanted
Steeped in Lethe, peaceful as the grave,
And dim rustling of the forest haunted
By the haunted wave.

JOHN BARLAS,
1860-1914.

THE CARRIER-DOVE

LOOSED from strange hands into the wild wet night
Straight to his home the carrier-dove returns ·
The faithful love that in his bosom burns
Is as a lamp to guide his lonely flight :
He lingers not where sheltering boughs invite,
Nor backward from the gathering tempest turns,
Till far off in the distance he discerns
At the known casement the familiar light.

How many miles hath my poor spirit flown
This night to thee through wind and storm and rain,
Bearing thee word of many mystic things,
Till thou on thy soft pillow making moan
Didst hear it pecking at thy lattice pane,
And took it in, a dove with draggled wings.

JOHN BARLAS.

A SCOTS DOMINIE

(Born 1802, Died 1882)

WHITE clouds are liting like a sang
Athort the lift ; their shedows gang
Jinking among the hills, where lag
 The snawdrifts lay ;
For sun and wind are thick and thrang
 This April day.

Blithe birls the laverock up the blue ;
Gropes the green bud where cranreuch grew ;
Dreich was the darg that Winter knew ;
 But here comes Spring,
To set the tune, to start anew
 God's jingo-ring !

Faith ! but my heels keep dirling sair
To dance -- as noo I'll dance nae mair ;
Fain would I speel von hillsides where
 The peasweeps call—
An auld man in a gairden-chair
 Row'd in a shawl !

An auld man ; but when ploys are set,
And Spring comes whistling at the yett,
A laddie still ; fain to forget
 My age, my ills ;
Fain to gang linking without let
 Ower Ochil hills !

athort, athwart. *birls*, whirls. *dirling*, tingling.

A Scots Dominie

For Ochil glens lie lown and green,
 For Ochil burns rin saft and sheen ;
 Though sma' the troot, though soor the gean,
 Though daft the ploys,
 The auld hills call with voices keen,
 Wakening auld joys.

Scholar and Maister, soon and late,
 In summer drouth, in winter spate,
 The auld hills saw me tak' the gate
 With rod and line ;
 A likely day for flee or bait—
 That day was mine.

When lang the road, when dark the nicht,
 When snell the wind at morning licht,
 It's me was then the dowie wicht
 Dour hills amang ;
 Till Devon glinted clear in sicht—
 Then the warld sang !

For ower Bencleuch, in crimson lowe,
 The sun upsprang ; on bicht and howe
 I saw the Lord's ain morning grow
 Fair, fair atweel ;
 But best to me the burnie's rowe
 And the birlled reel !

Oh, bygane joy ! Oh, present dool !
 Since Maisters daurna play the fool,
 Since laddies daurna plunk the school
 As aince they daured !
 The School-Brod, and the School-Brod's rule
 Have them weel scaured !

Through standards, as 'tween granite stanes,
 They birl the puir bit shilpit weans ;

spate, flood. *atweel*, indeed. *plunk the school*, play truant. *shilpit*,
 white-faced.

A Scots Dominie

The maister, like a slave in chains,
Noo plays the miller,
Grinding the grants frae hearts and brains
In blood-red siller.

And he is praised wha quickest crams,
Wha's clesses are the biggest shams,
Wha's dunces nae inspector damns ;
But he an ass is
Wha scorns to fyke with quirk exams.,
Or fish for passes !

Lord ! Lord ! that I should live to learn
That schools, like grocers' shops, maun earn
Profit, in cash, for ilk bit bairn !
A beggar's dole,
For which, bethankit, never airn
Entered my soul.

Nae School-Brod member gowled at me
As though I were a mouse, and he
Almighty God ; for such men be,—
I've heard them yammer ;
Grocers in soul, their tongues are free
Of grace or grammar !

Nae Brod for me ; yon lads o' mine
(It's ten lang weary years since syne)
ere no' the kind o' lads to shine
At pass or grant ;
But faith ! I taught them, line on line,
All that they want.

The carritch and the auld best Book ;
Writing, and hoo to busk a hook ;
The names of flowers ; the way to dook ;
The airt of reading ;
Latin ; and where the canny nook
When fish are feeding !

fyke, struggle. *gowled*, frowned. *yammer*, complain. *dook*, bathe.

A Scots Dominie

My laddies focht ; I liked a fecht,
When all was equal hicht and wecht ;
There mony a twa that banded and pecht
 And then shook hands,
Learned a stout trick that keeps them strecht
 In far, far lands.

Sic laddies send me scrape o' the pen
And queer nick-nackets, noo and then ;
Good lads ! they're keen to let me ken
 Amang the rest o't,
That I'm the man that made them *men*, —
 And that's the best o't.

•
Av ! that's the thocht that mak's the tune
Yon laverock sings a heartsome boon,
As here I sit, an auld grey loon
 Row'd in a shawl,
Waiting till all Earth's sangs sink doon,
 Waiting His call !

HAMISH HENDRY.

wecht, weight. *pecht*, breathed hat. *loon*, boy.

BURNS FROM HEAVEN

Wha says that Robbie Burns is deid ?
Wha says he lies below the weed,
A pickle stoor, baith heart and heid,
 'This hunner year ?
Deil blast the loons ! but they hæ lee'd,
 For Robin's here.

Here whare the Cluden, 'neath the mune,
Gangs happin' to the same auld tune ;
Whare hoolets to the midnight win'
 Mak' eerie mane ;
Here whare I focht wi' sangs and sin
 In days lang gane.

For Heaven is guid, but Scotland's best ;
Sae when they gie the herps a rest,
I tak' a frien'ly quiet request
 'To Peter Doot ;
And he, guid man, swears at the hest,—
 But lets me oot !

Ahint me clinks the gowden yett ;
And faith ! the psalms I sune forget
As doon the road I skelp sherp-set,
 Past star and planet,
Wi' thochts o' hame that bizz red-het
 Aneath my bannet !

stoor, dust. *loons*, fellows. *hoolets*, owls. *ahint*, behind. *gowden yett*,
golden gate. *skelp*, run fast.

Burns from Heaven

And when I stap oot ower the cluds,—
There's Scotland yet ! The birlin' fluds ;
The broomy braes ; the whusslin' wuds ;
Gowans the same !
God ! but my heart starts aff in thuds
To ken I'm hame !

Saftly I daunder up and doon,
By Ayr and Nith, by Embro' toon,
A licht-fit, liltin', hame-daft loon !
Ilk stream, ilk tree,
The mavis' sang, the cushie's croon,
• Brings joy to me !

Yet Scotland's changed since first I kent it ;
The Gospel-faulds hae been augmentit ;
The hypocrites hae a' repentit,
And quat their quiks ;
The auld black creeds hae been white-pentit
In a' the kirks !

Nae mair frae poopits yerks a yell
O' God's damnation fierce and fell ;
A saft and couthie tale they tell,
And tell it quick ;
They've sell't the guid auld brunstane Hell
And pensioned Nick !

Nae lad plays pliskie wi' a lass ;
Nae fule tak's hame a stotterin' glass ;
Nae stirk gangs furth a college-ass,—
Baalam's the mate o't ;
The Lord kens hoo it comes to pass,
• But that's the gate o't.

stap, step. *birlin'*, whirling. *gowan*, daisies. *daunder*, walk slowly.
liltin', singing. *couthie*, comfortable. *stirk*, one-year-old bullock.

Burns from Heaven

And as for Bards,—they're scarce as brose !
But Kailyaird gents, stript to the hose,
Keep dibble-dibblin' at the prose
 For English stots ;
And Lun'on toon pays through the nose
 In gowden groats !

Guid faith ! I ken na wha can fash
To read sic screeds o' auld wives' clash ;
The teary-weary cantin' hash
 Is nocht but haivers ;
And yet the birkies, prood and gash,
 Brag o' their clavers !

Leeze me on tales o' deils and drink ;
On canty sangs that jouk and jink
Wi' rowth o' luve, wi' rowth o' clink !
 But bards and bottle,
Ballant and sang hae ta'en a kink
 O' d——d teetotal !

As for mysel' I'm saunt or hog
In this man's praise, or that man's prog ;
My very statues glower incog.,
 For jaw and nose is
As like this common rough phizog
 As I'm like Moses !

The critic-craws still bigg their hame
'Mong Robin's fauts, on Robin's fame ;
Ilk rag-tag rhyme that bears his name
 Is brocht their beak in ;
And a' his bits o' sin and shame
 Gang to the theekin' .

brose, a mixture of oatmeal and boiling water. *stots*, three-year-olds.
groats, coins. *fash*, trouble. *screeds*, long-winded tales. *haivers*, silly talk.
gash, impudently loquacious. *leeze me on*, pleased am I with. *prog*, sarcastic
censure. *phizog*, face. *bigg*, build. *theekin'*, thatching.

Burns from Heaven

Deil roast sic craws and a' their cawin' !
Their blame is stale, their praise is stawin' ;
When Robin drank he paid his lawin',
Sure that's weel kenned ;
When Robin fell he mourned his faain',
So there's an end !

Faith ! if the truth maun be confest,
Auld Scotland's guid, but Heaven is best ;
A body's frien's there stand the test
Withouten sham ;
Guid fellows a' at crack the jest
And pass the dram.

Shakespeare, the king o' a' the core ;
Byron, a deil to start a splore ;
Shelley, whase gowden lilt's galore
Keeps a' herps waitin' ;
Coleridge, whiles seraph,—whiles a bore,
Like Milton's Latin !

But Scott's the wale o' men for me,
Wi' pawkie Allan at his knee,
And gleg James Hogg, wha throws a wee
At burly Kit ;
And Louis,—blythe of late cam' he
A' shanks and wit.

Wi' sic-like frien's Scots saunts come sair ;
Sae back to Scotland I'll nae mair,
For after Heaven I canna bear
Sic godly folk.
Then fareweel ! daylight's in the air,
And there's the cock !

HAMISH HENDRY.

stawin', surfeiting. *lawin'*, score. *pawkie*, sly, humorous. *gleg*, eager.
shanks, long legs.

THROUGH ELFIN E'EN

A' little elf sat crackin' till anither
 'Neth the siller stars i' the munelicht clear,
 "Far hae ye wander't, my ain true brither?
 Fat hae ye seen sin' we met last year?"

"I've seen girss growin' an' the trees deen',
 An' little men standin' in big men's shune;
 Daft fowk tellin' truth, an' wyss fowk leein'
 An' suppin' wi' the Deil wi' a gey short spune;
 Maist that I hinna seen's hardly worth seein',
 But it cows me to ken fu it a' can be dune."

"Ay," quo' the first, "they're unco times we live in,
 Fan the thrissils an' whins are owertappin' the brume,
 An' thae daft mortals are trowin' t' get to Heaven
 By biggin' big kirks that are aye half tume."

"Waur," quo' the tither, "faith's clean out o' fashion,
 An' love's but a licht thing wi' gowd to be bocht,
 The head has nae wit, an' the heart has nae passion
 But plannin' aye fu power nay eithest be socht;
 Nae bonny auld sangs now, but clavers and clashin',—
 Sic wreck in this warld thae wratches hae wrocht."

"Man," said the first ane, "I carena t' see them,
 Their faces sae thrawnlike wi' girnin' an' greed;
 Some needin' sairly an' never anc t' gie them,
 Ithers haein' plenty an' daein' naething wi'd."

*till, to. far, where. fat, what. girss, grass. gey, very. cows, beats.
 fu, how. unco, strange. faa, when. trowin', believing, expecting. biggin',
 building. tume, empty. gowd, gold. eithest, easiest. clavers, silly talk.*

Through Elfin E'en

"Mair," said the second, "a while I was bidin'

In a place far they caredna for summer or spring,
Wi' big stane wa's the bonny sun hidin',

Makin' licht for themsel's out o' mony queer thing,
An' kentna the sound o' the wee burn glidin',
Nor fu the gowans grow an' the wee birds sing.

"Faith," quo' the first, "though it's lanely an' cerie
Sittin' here wi' the wind comin' cauld down the glen,
An' wi' livin' sic a lang time we're like t' grow weary,
Yet I think it's a grand thing we wetera made men."

Syne, thae twa elves for a lang while were sittin'

On the big grey stane there, sae silent an' sma',
But the bat an' the howlet t' see them cam' flittin'
Wi' ferlies t' tell f'ae the far-awa',—

While I dover'd an' dream'd till methocht I had wittin'
That the tane t' the tither said a wordie or twa.

"Thrice three times we hae seen the wids growin',
New munes an' new suns, an' starns mony ane;
Till the warld turns better I think we'll bide lown,
Sittin' like twa taeds i' the heart o' a stane."

An' the twa sat there baith lauchin' at the notion,
An' the lauch wi' the burnie cam' ripplin' in tune
The trees wagged their heads wi' a merry-like mot
The very stars wink't f'ae the lift far abune;
An' Echo lauch't back f'ae land an' f'ae ocean
As they baith slaid awa' in the bricht hairst-

An' I, left there i' the munclicht's glimmer
That danced on the burn an' green brae-she
Thocht the grass grew grey an' the stars shone
For want o' the lauch o' the twa wee elves.

W. A. CR

howlet, owl. *ferlies*, wonders. *dover'd*, slumbered. *wittin'*
ness. *bide lown*, stay hidden. *taeds*, toads.

EDINBURGH CASTLE

A CASTLE sits on a rocky crest,
With a street for a stair to its throne—
Its pinnacle-throne on the lifted breast
Of an old grey city of stone :
It looked to the east and it looked to the west
And it held the land its own.

It looked to the north and it looked to the south,
The sea and the hills are there,
And it thrilled like a boy with a quivering mouth
At the message that came in the air —
Drink for its thirst, rain for its drouth,
Hope for an old despair.

For
But the Castle was built for lordly war,
It had fallen on days of peace ;
That longed for the sight of the baleful star
And now heralds war's release,
Brought the wings of the wind from afar
At news of an age to cease.

It heard the tramp of an armed throng
In the citizens' streets below ;
Though the waves were high and the winds were strong
It saw the great ships go :
And the noise of their guns, like a mirthful song,
Shook it to and fro.

Edinburgh Castle

It dreamed of the past and a kingdom won,
A kingdom won and lost,
And played for again from father to son,
Like a coin that is spun and tossed,
And of beautiful queens of a day long done,
And how they had paid the cost.

It dreamed of the breathless escalade
When Randolph swung in the air
And breasted the perilous palisade
To harry the Englishmen's lair,
And drive them out of the nest they had made
In a Scottish castle fair.

It dreamed of kings who walked on its wal
With ladies who loved the dance,
Of knights who bore in its vaulted halls
The lily shield of France,
Of tourneys and jousts and trumpet-calls,
And the colour of high romance.

It dreamed of Margaret, queen of saints,
In her holy chapel at prayer,
A picture such as a missal paints
In azure and or and vair,
Pure from the touch of mortal taints,
Incomparable and rare.

It dreamed of Mary, the queen of men,
A babe within its gate,
Child-wife and widow, and wife again,
And mistress of her fate :
Mightier than the sword or pen
Her charm for love and hate.

It dreamed of days when the town was ga.
And nights when its heart was sore,

Edinburgh Castle

Of enemy fleets at the Isle of May
And armies at the door,
Of Flodden flowers and how they lay,
And oaths our fathers swore.

It dreamed of Montrose and the great Argyll,
And scaffolds draped in black,
And death defied in the antique style
By men who had faced the rack :
A thousand visions in airy file
Passed, as it looked back.

It dreamed of the day when Union came,
And Thistle and Rose were twin'd,
Though still stray gusts of a buried flame
Were neither to hold nor bind,
For passionate hearts are hard to tame
When old wrongs come to mind.

Last it dreamed how a time began
When kilted lads in red
Came and went, as the long years ran
And the dead past buried its dead,
And the fame of the Scot as a fighting man
Over the earth was spread.

“W

And dreaming, the Castle its hopes forgot
The heart only remembered its pride ;
For but its Rock is dear to the heart of the Scot
But on her ring is dear to a bride,
It had its garrisons rest—Where rest they not,
That lands for which they died ?
And now
Brought

J. M. D.

It heard
In the
Though
It saw
And the
Shook

THE OLD BORDER TOWN

ERECT in spite of churchmen's broils,
Set squarely o'er the town,
With lancets pierced and quatre-foils,
King David's tower looks down.
And since kind Nature still abhors
A lifeless solitude,
There, in aerial corridors,
The pigeons haunt and brood ;
And there — from David's lantern-tower —
A hooded cenobite,
The owl, night's watchman, cries the hour
And revels in the night.

Beneath the piled and huddled walls
Of vennel, wynd, and close,
Murmuring its tuneful intervals
A lordly river flows—
Under the spanning arches five,
Where veteran anglers meet
To mark the salmon upward strive
Or watch the raging speat—
Then, turning from its onward course
To one whom dear it holds,
The town, as with a soft remorse,
It lovingly enfolds.

Phantom, and dream, and storied ghost
People the streets and square ;
And still I seek the friend I lost,
* The friend I injured there :

The Old Border Town

At noontide in the market-place
Alone, in tears, I stand,
See no face but an absent face,
Grasp but an absent hand.
So is it with all men who live—
To this we come at last,
Seek what the present cannot give,
Spoils of a deathless Past.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

THE SOUTH COUNTRIE

I NEVER likit the kingdom o' Fife,
Its kail's as cauld as its wind and rain,
And the folk that bide benorth o' the Clyde
They speak a langwidge that's no my ain.
Doun in the west is a clarty nest,
And the big stane cities are no for me ;
Sae I'll buckle my pack on my auld bent back
And tak' the road for the South Countrie.

Whaur sall I enter the Promised Land,
Ower the Sutra or doun the Lyne,
Up the side o' the water o' Clyde,
Or cross the muirs at the heid o' Tyne,
Or staicherin' on by Crawfordjohn
Yont to the glens where Tweed rins wee?—
It's maitter sma' whaur your road may fa'
Gin it land ye safe in the South Countrie.

Yon are the hills that my hert kens weel,
Hame for the weary, rest for the auld,
Braid and high as the Aprile sky,
Blue on the taps and green i' the fauld :
At ilka turn a bit wanderin' burn,
And a canty biggin' on ilka lea—
There's nocht sac braw in the wide world's schaw,
As the heughs and holms o' the South Countrie.

kail, soup, hospitality. *clarty*, muddy. *staicherin'*, staggering. *yont*, beyond. *canty biggin'*, cheerful cottage. *heughs*, banks.

The South Countrie

Yon are the lads that my hert lo'es weel,
Frank and couthy and kind to a',
Wi' the open broo and the mirthfu' mou'
And the open door at the e'enin's fa';
A trig hamesteid and a lauchin' breed
O' weans that hearten the auld to see—
Sma' or great, can ye find the mate
O' the folk that bide in the South Countrie?

The lichtest fit that traivels the roads
Maun lag and drag as the end grows near;
Threescore and ten are the years o' men,
And I'm by the bit by a lang lang year.
Sae I'll seek my rest in the land lo'ed best,
And ask nae mair than that God sall gie
To my failin' een for the hin'most scene
The gentle hills o' the South Countrie.

JOHN BUCHAN.

couthy, friendly, familiar. *trig*, neat.

AVIGNON

1759

HEARTS to break but nane to sell,
Gear to fine but nane to hain ;
We maun dree a weary spell
Ere our lad comes back again.

I walk abroad on winter days
When storms have stripped the wide champaign,
For northern winds have norland ways,
And scents of Badenoch haunt the rain.
And by the lipping river path,
When in the fog the Rhone runs grey,
I see the heather of the strath
And watch the salmon leap in Spey.

The hills are feathered with young trees,—
I set them for my children's boys,
I made a garden deep in ease,
A pleasance for my lady's joys.
Strangers have heired them. Long ago
She died,—kind fortune thus to die ;
And my one son by Beaulieu flow
Gave up the soul that could not lie.

Old, elbow-worn, and pinched I bide
The final toll the gods may take,
The laggard years have quenched my pride,
They cannot kill the ache, the ache.

gear, property, *fine*, to lose. *hain*, to save. *dree*, endure misfortune.
lipping, brimming.

Avignon

Weep not the dead, for they have sleep
Who lie at home ; but ah, for me
In the deep grave my heart will weep
With longing for my lost countrie.

Hearts to break but nane to sell,
Gear to tine but nane to hain ;—
We maun dree a weary spell
Ere our lad comes back again.

JOHN BUCHAN.

THE LAICH OF MORAY

THE woods of Inverugie
Look down upon the sea,
And the long hill of fair Roseisle
Is passing sweet to me,
When the sun shines on the water,
And the wind blows soft and free
Down by the caves of Covesea
And the well on Hopeman lea.

The rocks of gold are carven,
And the white beach shines below,
Where the far-borne sapphire of the sea
Breaks into sighing snow.
You may win at the fall of the tide
To the Cave of the Curse ; and, slow,
You may trace the lines and the woven signs
That none but dead men know.

When the hand of Rome had taken
The prey that she might not keep,
Her slow, triumphant eagles
Glittered on vonder steep,
Where they lit the fires of Ashtaroth—
The fires that will not sleep --
And the bull was slain to Mithras
In the shrine that's hidden deep.

The Laich of Moray

Hoarse is the hungry raven
That wings o'er Spindle Moor,
And cackling kaes have built their nests
On Spynie's broken floor.
The stars of Sutherland will float
From Duffus tower no more,
Gone is the shrine of Gerardine
Who prayed by the windy shore.

It is a priory bell that tolls
From Heldon's woods among,
An answer comes from far Kinloss,
Where the three great bells are swung,
Anna, Maria, and Jerome ;
And hark !—with golden tongue
'Tis the Chan'ry Kirk of Elgin
Chiming at Evensong.

The deer has drunk in Quarrelwood,
The wolf in Altyre chase ;
The moon is in the sky, above
The sea's unruffled face ;
And through the aisles of Pluscarden
The white-cowled brothers pace,
And throw them down by the Holy Rood,
Praying for Heaven's grace.

A land of many memories,
A land whose gardens smile,
Whose harvest fields lie in the sun
For many a golden mile.
I look on the Laich of Moray
Dreaming a little while,
For the past is full of faces,
And Fancy will beguile.

DAVID J. MACKENZIE.

THE OLD TOWN-BELL OF ELGIN

THE leaves are thick in the shadows,
The Autumn day is done,
And the old Town-Bell of Elgin
Rings to the falling sun—
Rings to the gathering dark that fills
The woods where the Lossie flows :
From the sleepy meadows of green Oldmills
To the sandy slopes of the Batethills
The psalm of evening goes.

The builder drops his trowel,
Glad at that soft command :
The spade is dropped in the furrow,
The pen from the writer's hand.
For the race is run and the day is done
At the sound of the old Town-Bell,
Ringing to-night to the falling sun
Though some have lost and some have won,—
Ringing that "All is well."

They hear it by the old Bow Brig
And, over hill and moss,
Beyond the bonny woods of Mayne
And quiet Palmercross.
And he who climbs by the Lady Hill
Or drinks at the Mary Well
Will pause to listen a moment, still
And silent, for all his heart will thrill
At the sound of the old Town-Bell.

There is silver and gold up yonder
Hid in the pillared tower :
Silver of sweet self-sacrifice,
And gold of a sun bright hour,

The Old Town-Bell of Elgin

When Lord and labourer, trader and churl,
Threw, as became their lot,
The ring of a man, the brooch of a girl,
The groat of a serf, and the seal of an Earl
Into the melting-pot.

The old Town-Bell of Elgin
More sweetly sounds to me
Than the organs of mighty minsters
Or the clarions of jubilee,
For to murmuring street and river glade,
And even to the heavens above,
Sweet and solemn and unafraid
It speaks of a peace that the years have made
Holy and full of love.

Ring on, old Bell, in the gloaming,
Your voice is heard afar,
Over the fields that are ripening
Under the evening star.
And further, beyond the hills and the sea,
Are echoes you cannot know,
In hearts that listen and fain would be
By the ruined towers and the green oak tree
And the Lossie's gentle flow.

Ah, many there be that loved it
That will not hear it more,
Whose hearts went out to its music
And the message that it bore.
A message of love and of sweet regret,
The croon of a bird to her nest,
Hope, in tears, as a jewel, set,
The story of all that is past, and yet
A message of perfect rest.

DAVID J. MACKENZIE.

CIVIS ROMANUS SUM

(From *Cornhill*, May 1913)

*The road my country bade me
(Said the Corporal o' the Line,
I've tramped it with the colours
Since I joined the corps lang syne :
A man's road, and a great road,
But the road I want th' day
Is a road that skirts the barley
On the haughs along the Spey.*

I'm fain to get a glint o't; sheltered shielin' in the Glen;
High summer's tide o' heather, royal splendour on the
Ben;

But . . . I've got marchin' orders. Ah! ye needna say
me nay!

I heard the doctor's verdict while I dozed the ither day.
Well! menfolk maunna grumble, but I'm thinkin' whiles
it's hard,

Awaitin' the last "Lights out" in a swelt'rin' Lucknow
ward,

That never kindly bullet sang a sudden swift command
An' dropped me, 'midst my comrades, wi' my rifle in my
hand.

I mind the day I 'listed. I was barely turned eichteen,
Wi' little in my pockets but my "arles" frae Auchendean;

arles, earnest money.

Civis Romanus Sum

A pipe ; an ounce o' bogie ; maybe twa feet an' a half
 O' wire for rabbit poachin', and a lassie's photograph.
 'Twas on a hirin' Friday, and the pavement ran wi' weet ;
 The riddlin's o' the market had begun to leave the street.
 I lingered gey an' dowie, when owre the road there cam'
 A sergeant o' the Seaforths, and he spired me to a dram.

I sought nae second biddin'—I was guizened, drookit,
 tired.

The sergeant stood a donal ; then he asked if I was hired ;
 And when I said I wasna (now the Lord forgie the lee !),
 He clapped me on the shouther, "Ye'll do better, man,"
 says he,

Syne spak' about the army, while aye he turned the crack
 To secin' far-off countries, and the differ' it wad mak'
 Fra' moilin' late an' early—whatna for he couldna tell !
 Some thretty poun' the towmont, whiles a Sawbath to
 yersel' !

An' still an' on he wheedled till the dram began to sing
 A marchin' tune within me ; an' my heid was like to
 ring

Wi' pipes, an' drums, an' bugles, and the scarlet sough
 o' war.

I scunnered at my prospects, the stable muck, the glaur,
 'The dull life o' the bothies, wi' the foreman swearin' sair ;
 I swithered—for a meenit ! (Man ! the sergeant spak' me
 fair.)

As Jock the second horseman I was never kent again ;
 I took the Queen's bricht shillin'—I was "Private John
 Maclean."

I wasna very soople—so they chaffed me at the Fort
 For comin' fra the plew tail, till they found I was the sort
 O' slow but no' unwillin' breed that somehow warstles
 through

And finishes his furrow—I had learned *that* at the plew !

guizened, said of wooden vessels leaking from drought. *glaur*, mud.
scithered, hesitated. *warstles*, wrestles.

Civis Romanus Sum

I sweated in the gym. class, and wi' beef, an' less o'
brose,
Made up in thews an' muscle what I lost in adipose ;
While never feather bonnet had a crouser set than mine—
I swankit wi' the best o' them far back in eichty-nine.

At length there fell the mornin' when our marchin'
orders came
To bid farewell to Morayshire, the hills an' howes o'
hame ;
The pipers played us doon the road . . . I wish I could
forget
The lass that looked and turned away ayont the barracks
yett. •
The young draft's tramp keeps measure to the march
the pipers play,
Their faces set for India—where are they since that day
That saw them fairly started on mony a lang Scots mile,
A-swingin' down the Channel in the trooper *Cinodile*?

The years slip by like shadows since the time I crossed
the sea
And smelt the sun-glare bakin' the Apollo Bunder Quay ;
But yesterday it might be . (What is it, nurse, ye said ?)
Sleep ! Nuh. I feel as wakefu' as on adjutant's parade.
I canna sleep, I'm thinkin'. To every man there comes
The bitter day he'll leave behind the magic o' the drums.
"The pride o' life," the Padre says. Mph ! *He* wadna
care to see
The corps march off without him. . . . God ! I'm only
thirty-three !

No better than my neighbours ! I have had my share
o' drink
An' twice my share o' mischief : if I've done my share
in "clink"
I've done my share o' fightin' for my fifteen pence a day,
A bullet for a bonus near my lumbar vertebrae.

Civis Romanus Sum

Old times and sounds keep callin' ! Set me near them
once again,
The dusty desert column and the battered armoured
train ;
The lines o' bubblin' camels ; ah ! to hear them, clear,
long-drawn,
The bugles o' the Seaforth's split the silence o' the dawn.
But that's all past and done wi' ; 'deed to judge by some
gowks' screeds
Ye'd almost think that Britain has sma' use for men or
deeds,
At least the breed o' men and deeds that staked the
Empire's claim,
And toiled and fought and kept it, reckin' naught o'
praise or blame.
'Twas just last year I spent a month o' furlough in the
Glen
To see a wheen kent faces and my mother's but an' ben ;
A candidate for Parliament was speakin' at Culrait,
Wi' no reporters present, so the body wasna blate.
He wasna much to look at ; Oriental beak an' een ;
But his party took his siller for oilin' their machine.
They sent him doon to Scotland, where he landed on
his feet,
Wi' the promise o' a knichthood and a safe, it costlly, seat.
He wasna lang o' learnin' the fifth-rate road to gang,
The short cut to St. Stephen's, for the changes aye he
rang
On war "the Great Illusion" ; how the army was a
curse ;
The "meclitary speerit" had aye picked the nation's
purse.
"When landlords were abolished—ah ! the day was
drawin' near !"
(A tailor i' the front seat hiccoughed something like
"Hear, Hear !")

Civis Romanus Sum

"Then things would a' be cheapened when 'The
People' made the laws,
An' everything be levelled down--*bar wages*." (Loud
applause.)
I listened to his cackle, tho' I kent it a' by rote
(Electioneerin' carrots for the cuddies wi' a vote),
"The poor down-trodden native" an' a' that shoddy
stuff,
But when he sneered at Empire, I had swallowed quite
enough.

I up an' faced the windbag. My remarks, if short, were
free.
I asked him was it gratefu' to run down the likes o' me?
For though we werena anxious to be claimed by him as
friends,
My mates an' me had guaranteed his blasted dividends,
Keepin' the colours stainless for our country's place and
name,
When he was scrapin' siller, weel entrenched and snug
at hame;
I called it cheap an' muddy to bewail and criticeeze
The system that stands sentry to his safely won bawbees!

Of course there was a ruction; and of course I took my
share.
The Reverend Tammas Sneckdraw (M.A.) was in the
chair;
He said I had forgotten that the Guid Book said "the
meek
Shall heir the earth"; I speired him if he thought that
meant the weak?
Or if the heritage was earned in this warl' or the next?
Or how he squared the Empire wi' the promise in the
text?
Unless he thought that meekness won our country's
throws wi' Fate,
Trafalgar! Talavera! Candahar! The Kashmir Gate!

Civis Romanus Sum

I left them at their howlin' ; but outside their atmosphere
The cool nicht air smelt honest, and the stars burned
extra clear,

Steady and everlastin', like the loyal things that last—
Obedience, courage, honour—till the darksome nicht has
passed.

My heart was sair wi' thinkin', as I took the hill-road
hame,

That times were changin' sadly when a glib chiel, at
the game

O' spoutin' half-baked nostrums, daur lead Scotsmen by
the nose ;

But gowks can open floodgates that a nation canna close.

..

If war's a "Great Illusion" (maybe 'tis. So runs the
tract),

Starvation, stark and girnin', is an evidential *Fact*.

But there's mair than ane Illusion, an' the biggest o'
them a'

Is to discoont pluck and vision, and trust to State-made
law

To keep our square unbroken—God send some men wi'
souls,

And no the stencil-moulded herds that blether at the
polls !

I'm no great politeccian, but the story isna new

O' history's bloodiest pages when the many led the few.

I'm tired. . . . I doot I'm by wi't. Well, man canna
pick and choose ;

He gets his Magersfontains just as sure as Waterloos.

Though dregs make bitter drinkin' after birlin' at life's
wine,

And no Westminster Abbey waits a corporal o' the Line ;

Though never blink o' fortune lights the "common"
soldier's way,

And ony healthy navvy can mak' thrice my rate o' pay ;

Civis Romanus Sum

Though life was no a picnic i' my years ayont the seas,
And nerves got thrawn wi' dodgin' f'uzzy snipers an'
disease ;

Though exile racks the heart-strings — Lord ! I'm cruel
leagues away

Fra' where the North Sea rollers crumble white alang
Spey Bay ;

'Though bluid aye rins the thickest where the Highland
bonnet waves,

And, far away, my comrades sleep in quiet nameless
graves ;

Though soon, ower soon, the muster will be called
without my name.

(I'll get a firin' party, and they'll send my medals hame.)

Yet could I be the chooser, I would gang the road again,
The road that has no ending, but is never trod in vain ;

The road my country bade me,

Where, around the lone camp-fires,

The phantom claymores sparkle

Of our single-hearted sires ;

The brave road that they breasted,

Full content am I to ken

I tramped it wi' the colour

And among the breed o' men.

He slept, but not to waken. When the Indian daybreak
came,

He got his firin' party, and they sent his medals "hame."

JOHN FOSTER.

TO EXILES

ARE you not weary in your distant places,
Far far from Scotland of the mist and storm,
In stagnant airs, the sun-smite on your faces,
The days so long and warm ?
When all around you lie the strange fields sleeping,
The ghastly woods where no dear memories roam,
Do not your sad hearts overseas come leaping
To the highlands and the lowlands of your Home ?

Wild cries the Winter loud through all our valleys,
The midnight roar the grey noons echo back ;
About the scalloped coast the eager galleys
Beat for kind harbours from horizons black.
We tread the miry road, the rain-drenched heather,
We are the men, we battle, we endure !
God's pity for you, exiles, in your weather
Of swooning winds, calm seas, and skies demure !

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk song-haunted
Over the hills and by the thundering falls,
Or where the dirge of a brave past is chaunted
In dolorous dusks by immemorial walls.
Though hails may beat us and the great mists blind us,
And lightning rend the pine-tree on the hill,
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morning find us
Children of tempest all unshaken still !

We wander where the little grey towns cluster
Deep in the hills, or selvedging the sea,
By farm-lands lone, by woods where wild-fowl muster
To shelter from the day's inclemency ;

To Exiles

And night will come, and then far through the darkling
A light will shine out in the sounding glen,
And it will mind us of some fond eyes sparkling,
And we'll be happy then !

Let torrents pour, then, let the great winds rally,
Snow-silence fall or lightning blast the pine,
That light of Home shines warmly in the valley,
And, exiled son of Scotland, it is thine.
Far have you wandered over seas of longing,
And now you drowse, and now you well may weep,
When all the recollections come a-thronging
Of this rude country where your fathers sleep.

•
They sleep, but still the hearth is warmly glowing
While the wild Winter blusters round their land,—
That light of Home, the wind so bitter blowing—
Look, look and listen, do you understand ?
Love, strength, and tempest— O come back and share
them !
Here is the cottage, here the open door ,
We have the hearts although we do not bare them—
They're yours and you are ours for ever more.

NEIL MUNRO.

THE KILT'S MY DELIGHT

WOOL from the mountain, dyes from the vale ;
Loom in the clachan, peat-fires bright ;
To every strand of it some old tale—
Oh the tartan kilt is my delight !
Went to its spinning brave songs of Lorn,
Its hues from the berry and herb were spilt ;
Lilts of the forest and glee of morn
Are in his walking who wears the kilt. ~

For priest, nor clerk, nor merchant men,
Nor bidders at home was the pleating pressed,
But for the loins of those who ken
Hill-wandering ; offspring of the mist,
Wood-trackers, waders of wild streams,
The world their pillow, their roof the night ;
Who sleeps in tartan has high dreams,
Oh the kilt of the Highlands is my delight !

I will put on me that gallant gear,
Brave first garb of the human kind,
Travel the moor and the hills of deer,
And feel on my body the kiss of the wind.
Be it melting heat or the driven sleet,
Kings to stand with or foes to fight,
Dance in the shieling or death to meet,
Oh the darling kilt is my delight !

NEIL MUNRO.

• TAM I' THE KIRK

OH, Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation
Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',
When a'boddy's thochts is set on his ain salvation,
 Mine's set on you.

•
There's a reid rose lies on the buik o' the Word afore ye
That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,
But the lad that pu'ed yon flower i' the mornin's glory
 He canna pray.

He canna pray ; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed
 him
Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa',
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gied him—
 It an' us twa !

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,
He canna see for the mist that's afore his een,
And a voice drouns the hale o' he psalms an' the para-
 phrases,
 Cryin' "Jean, Jean, Jean !"

VIOLET JACOB.

THE HOWE O' THE MEARN'S

LADDIE, my lad, when ye gang at the tail o' the plough
 An' the days draw in,
When the burnin' yellow's awa' that was aince a-low
 On the braes o' whin,
Do ye mind o' me that's deaved wi' the wearyfu' south
 An' its puir concairns,
While the weepies fade on the knowts at the river's
 mouth
 In the Howe o' the Mearns?

There was nae twa lads frae the Grampians doon to the
 Tay
 That could best us twa;
At bothie or dance, or the field on a fitba' day
 We could sort them a';
An' at courtin'-time when the stars keeked doon on the
 glen
 An' its theek o' fairps,
It was you an' me got the pick o' the basket then
 In the Howe o' the Mearns.

London is fine, an' for ilk o' the lasses at hame
 There'll be saxty here,
But the springtime comes an' the hairst—an' it's aye the
 same
 Through the changefu' year.

best, beat. sort, beat. theek, thatch. ilk, each.

The Howe o' the Mearns

Oh, a lad thinks lang o' hame ere he thinks his fill

As his breid he airns—

An' they're threshin' noo at the white fairm up on the
hill

In the Howe o' the Mearns.

Gin I mind mysel' an' toil for the lave o' my days

While I've een to see,

When I'm auld an' dune wi' the fash o' their English
ways

I'll come hame to dee ;

For the lad dreams aye o' the prize that the man'll get,

But he lives an' lains,

An' it's far far ayont him still -- but it's farther yet

To the Howe o' the Mearns.

Laddie, my lad, when the hair is white on your pow

An' the wark's put past,

When your hand's ower auld an' heavy to haud the
plough

I'll win hame at last,

An' we'll bide our time on the knowes whaut the broom
stands braw

An' we played as bairns,

Till the last lang gloamin' shall creep on us baith an' fa'

On the Howe o' the Mearns.

VIOLET JACOB.

breid, bread. *lave*, rest. *faul'*, whitts. *knowes*, knolls. *Hallow*, a shallow valley.

THE BLIND SHEPHERD

THE land is white, an' far awa'
Abune ae bush an' tree
Nae fit is movin' i' the snaw
On the hills I canna see :
For the sun may shine an' the darkness fa'
But aye it's nicht to me.

I hear the whaup on windy days
Cry up amang the peat
Whaur, on the road that speels the braes,
I've heard my ain sheep's feet,
An' the bonnie lambs wi' their canny ways
An' the silly yowes that bleat.

But noo wi' them I maunna be,
An' by the fire I bide,
To sit and listen patiently
For a fit on the great hillside,
A fit that'll come to the door for me
Doon through the pasture wide.

Maybe I'll hear the baain' flocks
Ae nicht when time seems lang,
An' ken there's a step on the scattered rocks
The fleggit sheep amang,
An' a voice that cries, an' a hand that knocks
To bid me rise an' gang.

fit, foot. speels, climbs. fleggit, scared.

The Blind Shepherd

Then to the hills I'll lift my een
Nae maitter tho' they're blind,
For Ane will treid the stanes between
And I will walk behind,
Till up, far up i' the midnight keen
The licht o' Heaven I'll find.

Ap' maybe when I'm up the hill
An' stand abune the steep,
I'll turn aince mair to look my fill
On my ain auld flock o' sheep,
An' I'll leave them lym' sae white an' still
On the quiet braes asleep.

•

VIOLET JACOB.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

ABUNE the hill ae muckle star is burnin'
Sae saft an' still, my dear, sae far awa',
'There's ne'er a wind, noo day to nicht is turnin',
To lift the branches of the whisperin' shaw ;
Ay, Jess, there's nane to see,
'There's just the sheep an' me,
And ane's fair wastit when there micht be twa !

Along the knowes there's no a beast that's movin',
Thae sheep o' mine lie sleepin' i' the dew ;
There's jist ae thing that's wearyin' and rovin',
An' that's mysel', that wearies, wantin' you.
What ails ye, that ye bide
In-by—an' me ootside
'To curse an' daunder a' the gloamin' through ?

To haud my tongue an' aye hae patience wi' ye
Is waur nor what a lass like you can guess ;
For a' your pranks I canna but forgi'e ye,
I' fegs ! there's naucht can gar me lo'e ye less ;
Heaven's i' your een an', whiles,
There's heaven i' your smiles ;
But oh ! ye tak' a deal o' courtin', Jess !

VIOLET JACOB.

THE LAST O' THE TINKLER

LAY me in yon place, lad,
The gloamin's thick wi' nicht,
I canna see yer face, lad,
For my een's no richt;
But it's ower late for leen',
An' I ken fine I'm deem'
Like an auld crow fleem'
To the last o' the licht.

The kye gang to the byre, lad,
An' the sheep to the fauld.
Ye'll mak' a spunk o' fire, lad,
For my he'it's turned cauld:
An' whaur the trees are meetin'
'There's a sound like waters beatin',
An' the bird seems near to greetin'
That was aye singin' bauld.

There's jist the tent to leave, lad,
I've gaithered little gear,
There's jist yersel' to grieve, lad,
An' the auld dog here;
An' when the morn comes creepin'
An' the wauknin' birds are cheipin',
It'll find me lyin' sleepin'
As I've slept saxty year,

The Last o' the Tinkler

Ye'll rise to meet the sun, lad,
An' baith be traiv'lin' west,
But me that's auld an' done, lad,
I'll bide an' tak' my rest ;
For the grey heid is bendin',
An' the auld shune's needin' mendin',
But the traiv'lin's near its endin',
And the end's aye the best.

VIOLET JACOB.

shune, shoes.

THE WHISTLE

HE cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,
 He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on his
 knee;
 He never heard the tenchat when the harrow broke her
 eggs, •
 He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the
 seggs, •
 He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they
 strayed,
 But you should hae seen the whistle that the wee herd
 made !

He wheepled on't at mornin' an' he tweetled on't at
 night,
 He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot o'
 sicht,
 The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them up
 the closs,
 The kitlins got his supper syne, an' he was beddit boss;
 But he cared na doit nor dooken what they did or thocht
 or said,
 There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd
 made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had clawed the caup for
 weeks,
 But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had brecks;

rodden-tree, mountain-ash. *tenchat*, lapwing. *seggs*, rushes. *syne*, after
 that. *boss*, empty. *clawed the caup*, scraped the wooden bowl.

The Whistle

He was whistlin' to the porridge that were hott'rin' on
the fire,

He was whistlin' ower the travise to the baillie in the
byre ;

Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that hae pipin' for their
trade,

Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd made.

He played a march to battle. It cam' dirlin' through
the mist,

Till the halflin' squared his shou'ders an' made up his
mind to 'list ;

He tried a spring for woocers, though he wistna what it
meant,

But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' an' he thocht she
maybe kent ;

He got ream an' buttered bannocks for the lovin' lilt he
played.

Wasna that a cheery whistle that the wee herd made ?

He blew them rants sae lively, schottisches, reels, an'
jigs,

The foalie flang his muckle legs an' capered ower the
rigs,

The grey-tailed futt'rat bobbit oot to hear his ain
strathspey,

The bawd cam' loupin' through the corn to "Clean
Pease Strae,"

The feet o' ilka man an' beast gat youkie when he
played—

Hae ye ever heard o' whistle like the wee herd made ?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' an' the winter brocht
him dool

When in spite o' hacks and chilblains he was shod again
for school ;

hott'rin', boiling. *travise*, partition. *baillie*, cattleman. *byre*, cow-house. *dirlin'*, piercing, thrilling. *halflin'*, stripling. *ream*, cream. *futt'-rat*, (whitethroat) weasel. *bawd*, hare. *youkie*, itching.

The Whistle

He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o' three,
He was keepit in an' lickit when the ither loons got free ;
But he aften played the truant—'twas the only thing he
 played,
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd
 made !

CHARLES MURRAY.

sings, whistle softly. Then, boys.

THE DEIL AN' THE DEEVILOCK

THE muckle Deil lay at the mirk pit mou',
An' hard at his heel lay a Deevilock ;
While the brimstane reek wi' an upward spew
Swirled roon' baith the Deil an' the Deevilock.
As their tails like flails were fannin' the air,
Said the big ane then to the wee ane there :
"In colour an' scout we are sib as sin's,
Wi' a half ell mair we would pass for twins."
("A wee toad spits," quo' the Deevilock.)

"Since the warl' was made"—'twas the auld Deil spak'—
("That's a far cry noo," quo' the Deevilock.)
"I hae wandered far but I've aye come back."
("To a het hame too," quo' the Deevilock.)
"Since first I set oot wi' a teem new creel
Haena mortals changed an' their ways as weel !
For then I was thin an' had wark enew,
Noo I'm fat as creesh, an' the furnace fu'."
("Improve the draught," quo' the Deevilock.)

"Then aften I swore at the cloven hoof,"
("It's gey ill to shce," quo' the Deevilock.)
"An' the horns an' tail scared mony a coof."
("Faith they hamper me," quo' the Deevilock.)
"Gin I taul' ye noo ye would scarce believe
The bother I had wi' that besom Eve ; . .

mirk, dark. *reek*, smoke. *scout*, look. *sib*, akin. *teem*, empty. *creesh*,
grease. *coof*, fool.

The Deil an' the Deevilock

But forbid her noo, ye would find, I ween,
She would eat the crap while it yet was green."
("Syne lift the trec," quo' the Deevilock.)

"In the early days I would aften fail,"
("Syne sae lood God leuch," quo' the Deevilock.)
"To wile them awa' to my henchman Baal."
("Wasna gauld Job teuch?" quo' the Deevilock.)
"The brawest an' best o' my weel-waled flock
Struggled lang an' sair wi' a reeshlin' pock;
I nickit him tho', at the hinder-end,
Wi' the thirty croons that he couldna spend."
("He'd lots o' heirs," quo' the Deevilock.)

"But willin' an' keen they come half roads noo,"
("Saul' in fair big croods," quo' the Deevilock.)
"An' the backward anes are baith far an' few."
("Curse your platitudes," quo' the Deevilock.)
"They crack roon' the fire, an' are nae mair blate
Than a bonnet laird wi' a new estate;
Their hands playin' smack on their birslin' shins
As they lauch an' brag o' their former sins."
("Hame's aye hame-like," quo' the Deevilock.)

"An' you, ye're the warst o' my horny crew";
("I'm sorry I spak'," quo' the Deevilock.)
"Nae an antrin jot leavin' me to do."
("An' I aye blush black," quo' the Deevilock.)
"For a hungry chiel we've an open gate,
Help the elder pooch fae his ain kirk plate;
Nae a leein' man nor a faithless dame
But is coontin' kin when they hear your name."
("I'm Canny-chance," quo' the Deevilock.)

"Wi' the ministers ye are mair than thrang,"
("Took a Sunday twice," quo' the Deevilock.)

teuch, tough. *weel-waled*, well-selected. *reeshlin' pock*, rustling bag.
blate, shy. *bonnet laird*, small proprietor. *birslin'*, resting slowly. *antrin*,
occasional. *chie*, man. *pooch*, pocket. *thrang*, intimate.

The Deil an' the Deevilock

"Aye giein' them texts to support a wrang."

("Guid halesome advice," quo' the Deevilock.)

"When in Auchterless ye suggest the prayer—

'Show my duty, Lord, lies in Auchtermair';

An' when stipens shrink wi' the fa' in fiars,

Siccan sizzons ban as ye mix your tears."

("We're a' ae claith," quo' the Deevilock.)

"Ye hae even dealt amo' stocks an' shares,"

("Selled some to arrive," quo' the Deevilock.)

"An' made likely men into millionaires."

("Hoot, our bairns maun thrive," quo' the Deevilock.)

"Ye startit a war, an' to raise a loan

Showed a spen'thrift king how to wadset's throne;

An' raikit them in fae the bench an' cell

Till the Fact'ry Act is in bits in Hell."

("Nae half-time there," quo' the Deevilock.)

"Nae a pleasant thing hae ve left aneth"

("There's the company," quo' the Deevilock.)

"An' a weary Deil canna look for death."

("Here's lang life to me!" quo' the Deevilock.)

"It's Hell to hae naething to do but sit

An' curse at the creak o' the birlin' spit;

I'm red, red wi' rust, save the jinglin' keys,

I'd swap wi' a god wha is fond o' ease."

("Ha! ha!—ha! ha!" quo' the Deevilock.)

CHARLES MURRAY.

stipens, stipends. *fa' in fiars*, fall in grain prices. *siccan sizzons*, such seasons. *wadset*, mortgage. *birlin'*, whirling. *swap*, exchange.

IT WASNA HIS WYIE

It wasna his wyte he was beddit sae late
 An' him had sae muckle to dee :
 He'd the rabbits to feed, an' the fulpie to kame,
 An' the hens to hish into the ree.
 The mason's mear, syne, he set up i' the close
 An' coupit the ladle fu' keen,
 An' roun' the ruck foun's wi' the lave o' the loons
 Played "takie" by licht o' the meen.
 Syne he rypit his pooches an' countit his bools,
 The reid-checkit pitcher an' a',
 Took the yirlins' fower eggs fac his bonnet, an' fegs
 When gorbelt't they're fykie to blaw.
 But furth cam' his mither an' cried on him in,
 Tho' sairly he priggitt to wait,
 "The'll be nae wurd o' this i' the mornin', my laad,"
 But it wasna his wyte he was late.

"Och hey" an' "och hum," he was raxin' himsel'
 An' rubbin' his een when he raise,
 "An' far was his bonnet, an' far was his beets,
 An' fa had been touchin' his claes ?
 Ach, his parritch was caul'. They'd forgotten the saut.
 There was ower muckle meal on the tap.
 Was this a' the butter-milk ? Far was his speen ?
 An' fa had been bitin' his bap ?"

wyte, fault. *dee*, do. *fulpie*, whelpie. *kame*, comb. *mason's mear* (mare),
 a trestle. *coupit the ladle*, played see-saw. *ruck foun's*, rick bottoms. *loons*,
 young boys. *rypit*, searched. *bools*, marbles. *reid*, red. *pitcher*, the marble
 pitched. *yirlin*, yellow-hammer. *gorbel*, chick. *fykie*, difficult. *priggitt*,
 pled. *raxin'*, stretching. *beets*, boots. *saut*, salt. *bap*, small loaf.

It Wasna His Wyte

His pints wasna tied, an' the back o' his lugs
Nott some sina' attention as weel—
But it wasna as gin it was Sunday, ye ken,
An' onything does for the squeel.
Wi' his piece in his pooch he got roadit at last,
Wi' his beuks an' his skaalie an' sklate.
Gin the wag-at-the-wa' i' the kitchie was slaw,
Weel, it wasna his wyte he was late.

The fite-fuskered cat wi' her tail in the air
Convoyed him as far as the barn,
Syne, munchin' his piece, he set aff by his leen,
'Tho' nae very willin', I'se warran'.
'The cairt-road was dubby, the track thro' the wid,
Altho' maybe langer, was best,
But when loupin' the dyke a steen-chackert flew oot,
An' he huntit a fyle for her nest.
Syne he cloddit wi' yowies a squirrel he saw
Teetin' roun' by the end o' a tree,
An' jinkit the Gamie, oot teemin' his girns—
A ragie aul' billie was he.
A' this was a hinner; an' up the moss side
He ran, noo, at siccan a rate
'That he fell i' the heather an' barkit his shins,
Sae it wasna his wyte he was late.

Astride on a win'-casten larick he sat
An' pykit for rosit tae chaw,
Till a pairtrick, sair frichten't, ran trailin' a wing
Fae her cheepers tae tryst him awa'.
He cried on the dryster when passin' the mull,
Got a lunt o' his pipe an' a news,

pints, boot-laces. *lugs*, ears. *nott*, wanted. *squeel*, school. *skaalie*, slate-pencil. *wag-at-the-wa'*, clock. *fite-fuskered*, white-whiskered. *by his leen*, alone. *dubby*, muddy. *steen-chackert*, stone-chat. *cloddit wi' yowies*, threw his cones at. *teetin'*, peeping. *jinkit*, avoided. *Gamie*, gamekeeper. *teemin'*, emptying. *girns*, snares. *hinner*, hindrance. *barkit*, skinned. *win'-casten larick*, over-blown larch. *pykit*, picked. *rosit*, resin. *chaw*, chew. *cheepers*, chicks. *dryster*, drier of rain. *lunt*, whiff. *a news*, gossip.

It Wasna His Wyte

An' his oter pooch managed wi' shillans to full—
 A treat to tak' hame till his doos.
 Syne he wadit the lade, an' crap under the brig
 To hear the gigs thunder abeen,
 An' a rotten plump't in an' gaed sweemin' awa'
 Afore he could gaither a steen.
 He hovered to herrie a foggy-bee's byke
 Nae far fae the mole-catcher's gate,
 An' the squeel it was in or he'd coontit his stangs,
 But it wasna his wyte he was late.

He tried on his taes to creep ben till his sate,
 But the snuff'y aul' dominie saw,
 Sneekit there in his desk like a wyver that waits
 For a flee in his wob on the wa'.
 He tell't o' his tum'le, but fat was the cese
 Wi' the mannie in sic an ill teen,
 An' fat was a wap wi' a spainye or tag
 To hands that were hard as a steen?
 Noo, gin he had grutten, it's blawly he kent
 Foo croose a' the lassies wad craw,
 For the mornin' afore he had scattered their lames
 An' dung doon their hoosies an' a'.
 Wi' a gullie tae hooie, tho', seen he got ower
 The wye he'd been han'led by fate.
 It was coorse, still an' on, to be wallop't like thon
 When it wasna his wyte he was late.

It's thirty year, said ye? It's forty an' mair
 Sin' last we were lickit at squeel.
 The dominie's deid an' forgotten for lang,
 An' a' oor beuk-learnin' as weel.
 The size o' a park—wi' the gushets left oot—
 We'll guess geyan near, I daur say,

shillans, shelled grain. *doos*, doves. *syne*, after this. *abeen*, above. *rotten*, rat. *herrie*, rob. • *byke*, nest. *sneekit*, shut in. *wyver*, sp. *cese*, use. *teen*, tune. *spainye*, cane. *tag*, leather strap. *grutten*, wept. *lames*, play-things. *a gullie to hooie*, a knife to barter. *gushet*, a three-cornered piece.

It Wasna His Wyte

Or the wecht o' a stot, but we wadna gang far
Gin we tried noo the coontin' in "Gray."
"Effectual Callin'" we canna rin throu'
Wha kent it aince clear as the text.
We can say "man's chief en'" an' the shorter
"Cominands,"
But what was the "Reasons Annexed"?
Oor heids micht be riddels for a' they haud in
O' Catechis, coontin', or date,
Yet I'll wauger ye'll min' on the mornin' langsyne
When it wasna oor wyte we were late.

CHARLES MURRAY.

stot, a three-year-old. "Gray," arithmetic book. *riddels*, sieves.

THE TINKER

GIN I was a sturdy tinker
 'Trampin' lang roads an' wide,
 An' ye was a beggar hizzie
 Cadgin' the country side ;

•
 The meal bags a' your fortune,
 A jinglin' wallet mine,
 I wouldna swap for a kingdom
 Ae blink o' my taggit queyn.

The gowd that hings at your lugs, lass
 I would hammer it for a ring,
 Syne, hey for a tinker's waddin'
 An' the lythe dyke-sides o' Spring.

Oh, whiles we would tak' the turnpike
 An' lauch at the Norlan' win',
 An' whiles we would try the lown roads
 An' the wee hill-tracks that rin

Whaur the blue peat reek is curlin'
 An' the mavis whussles rare,
 We'd follow the airt we fancied
 Wi' nane that we kent to care.

hizzie, lass. *cadgin'*, hawking. *swap*, exchange. *queyn*, girl. *lythe*, warm. *lown*, sheltered. *airt*, direction.

The Tinker

An' ye would get the white siller
 Spacin' the lasses' han's,
An' I would win the brown siller
 Cloutin' the aul' wives' cans.

Whiles wi' a stroop to souder,
 Girdin' at times a cogue ;
But aye wi' you at my elbuck
 To haud me content, you rogue.

We'd wash in the rinnin' water,
 An' I would lave your feet,
An' ye would lowse your apron
 An' I would dry them wi't.

I'd gather yows at gloamin'
 An' ye would blaw the fire
Till the lilt o' the singin' kettle
 Gart baith forget the tire.

An' blithe my cutty luntin'
 We'd crack aboot a' we'd seen
Wi' mony a twa-han' banter
 Aneth the risin' meen.

Syne in some cosy plantin'
 Wi' fern and heather spread,
An' the green birks for rafters
 The lift would roof your bed.

An' when your e'en grew weary
 Twa stars would tine their licht,
An' saftly in my oxtar
 I'd faul' ye for the night.

spacin', fortune telling. *clout.n'*, patching. *stroop*, spout of a kettle.
souder, solder. *cogue*, wooden vessel. *elbuck*, elbow. *yows*, fir-cones. *gart*,
made. *tire*, weariness. *cutty*, short pipe. *luntin'*, smoking. *meen*, moon.
plantin', wood. *birks*, birches. *lift*, sky. *tine*, lose. *oxter*, arm-pit.

The Tinker

Nae cry frae frichtened mawkin
Snared in the dewy grass,
Nor eerie oolet huntin'
Would wauken you then, my lass.

An' when the mists were liftin'
An' the reid sun raise to peep
Ye would only cuddle the closer
• An' lauch to me in your sleep.

*Wi' a' the warld to wander
An' the fine things yet to see,
Will you kilt your coats an' follow
The lang lang road wi' me?*

*The open lift an' laughter,
Is there onything mair you lack?
A wee heid in the bundle
That shouds upon my back.*

CHARLES MURRAY.

mawkin, hare. eerie oolet, weird owl. kilt, tack up. shouds, sw.

FAE FRANCE

DEAR JOCK—Like some aul' cairter's mear I'm foonert
in the feet,
An' oxter-staffs are feckless things fan a' the furth's sae
weet,
Sae, till the wee reid-heidit nurse comes roon to sort my
bed,
I'll leave my readin' for a fyle, an' vreet to you instead.

Ye hard the claik hoo Germany gied France the coordy
lick,
An' Scotland preen't her wincey up an' intill't geyan
quick—
But fouk wi' better thooms than me can redd the raivell't
snorl,
An' tell ye fa begood the ploy that sae upset the worl':
I ken that I cam' here awa' some aucht days aifter Yeel,
An' never toon nor fee afore has shootit me sae weel;
They gie me maet, an' beets an' claes, wi' fyles an
antrin dram—
Come term-time, lat them flit 'at likes, I'm bidin' faur
I am.

meat, mare. *foonert*, foundered. *oxter-staffs*, crutches. *feckless*, useless.
furth, outside. *sweet*, wet. *vreet*, write. *claik*, story. *coordy*, cowardly.
preen't, pinned. *wincey*, working gown. *fouk*, folk. *thooms*, thumbs.
redd, undo. *raivell't snorl*, tangled skein. *fa*, who. *begood*, began. *ploy*,
game. *here awa'*, to this place. *Yeel*, Yule. *toon nor fee*, place nor wages.
shootit, suited. *antrin dram*, occasional glass. *flit*, move.

Fae France

Tho' noo an' than, wi' dreepin' sark, we've biggit dykes
an' dell't—

That's orra wark ; oor daily darg is fechtin' fan we're
tell't.

I full my pipe wi' bogie-rowe, an' birze the dottle doon,
Syne snicker as I crack the spunk to think hoo things
come roon :

There's me, fan but a bairn in cotts, nae big aneuch to
herd,

Would seener steek my nieves an' fecht than dook or ca'
my gird,

An' mony a yark an' ruggit lug I got to gar me gree,
But here, oonless I'm layin' on, I'm seldom latten be.

As I grew up an' filled my breeks frow market days we
saw,

But me an' some stoot halfin' chiel would swap a skelp
or twa :

It's three year by come Can'lemas, as I've gweed cause
to min',

That Mains's man an' me fell oot an' focht about a
queyn.

We left the inn an' cuist oor quytes ahin' the village
crafts,

An' tho' I barely fell't him twice, wi' wallops roon the
chafts,

I had to face the Shirra for't. 'Twas byous hard on me,
For fat wi' lawyers, drinks, an' fine, it took a sax-
months' fee,

I would a had to sell't my verge, or smoke a raith on tick,
But for the fleein' merchants' cairt, my ferrets an' the
bick.

dreepin' sark, wet shirt. *dell't*, delved. *orra*, casual. *darg*, task. *bogie-rowe*, strong tobacco. *birze*, press. *snicker*, snigger. *spunk*, match. *cutti*, petticoat. *dook*, blow and pinched ear. *gar*, make. *gree*, agree. *breeks*, trousers. *frow*, few. *swap*, exchange blows. *gweed*, good. *min'*, remember. *cuist*, took off. *verge*, watch. *raith on tick*, three months on credit. *fleein'*, travelling. *bick*, dog.

Fae France

Ay, sang ! the Shirra had the gift, an' tongued me up an'
doon ;

But he's a dummy till his sin, fan han'lin' oor platoon :
Gin's fader saw his birkie noo, an' hard the wye he bans,
He nichtna be sae sair on some that fyles comes throu'
his han's.

Ae mochie nicht he creepit ben the trench—it's jist a
drain—

An' kickit me aneth the quyte an' cursed me braw an'
plain—

“Ye ceseless, idle, poachin' hurb, ye're lyin' snorin'
there,

An' Germans cryin' to be killed, but deil a hair ye care.
Fatever comes ye're for the lythe, to scrat, an' gant an'
drink,

An' dream aboot the raffy days fan ye was i' the clink ;
Ye're dubbit to the een, ye slype, ye hinna focht the
day,

Come on wi' me an' see for eence gin ye are worth yer
pay.”

Man, fan he spak' sae kindly like, fat was there left for me
But jist to answer back as frank, as furth-the-gait an'
free—

“Lead on, my Shirra's offisher, gin summons ye've to ser'
Upon thae billies owre the loan, I'll beet ye I'll be
there.”

Syne laden wi' a birn o' bombs we slippit throu' the
dark,

An' left upo' the barbit weer gey tait's o' breck an' sark ;
They bummed an' droned some unco tune as we crap
up : it raise

Like fae the laft I've h'ard the quire lift up some para-
phrase.

dummy till his sin, dumb as compared with his son. *mochie*, wet and misty. *ceseless*, useless. *hurb*, good-for-nothing. *lythe*, warm place. *scrat*, scratch. *gant*, yawn. *slype*, sneak. *furth-the-gait*, horretly. *loan*, field. *beet*, bet. *birn*, burden. *taits*, bits. *unco*, unfamiliar. *laft*, gallery in church. *quire*, choir. *lift up*, sing.

Fae France

Ae creeshy gurk that led the lave was bessin' lood an'
 strang,
 Ean something hat him i' the kyte that fairly changed
 his sang :
 We hench'd an' flang, an' killed a curn, an' soosh't them
 front an' flank
 Like loons that's trued the squeel to stane young pud-
 docks i' the stank.

The rippit spread, the rockets raise ; 'twas time for hiz
 to skice,
 An' tho' we joukit as we ran an' flappit eence or twice
 Owre aft our pig gae'd to the wall, for noo we strack the
 day—
 Oor braw Lieutenant onywye— fan a' in lames it lay :
 A bullet bored him throu' the hochs, it took him like a
 stane,
 An' heelster-gowdie doon he cam' an' brak' his shackle-
 bane :
 To hyste him up an' on my back nott a' my pith an'
 skeel,
 For aye he bad' me lat him lie, an' cursed me for a feel.
 "Ging on an' leave me here, ye gype, an' mak' yer feet
 yer frien'."
 "Na, na," says I : "ye brocht me here, I'm nae gyaun
 hame my leen."
 He's little boukit, ay an' licht, an' I'm baith stoot an'
 swak,
 Yet I was pechin' sair-aneugh afore I got him back.
 They thocht him fairly throu' at first, an' threepit he was
 deid,
 But it was naething but a dwaam, brocht on by loss o'
 bleed.

creeshy gurk, little fat man. *bessin'*, singing in s. *kyte*, stomach. *curn*,
 number. *stank*, farm pond. *rippit*, fight. *hiz to skice*, us to retire. *joukit*,
 ducked. *flappit*, lay down. *eence*, once. *pig*, pitcher. *scall*, well. *lames*,
 pieces. *heelster-gowdie*, topsy-turvy. *shackie*, wrist. *zyste*, hot t. *rott*,
 wanted. *gype*, fool. *my leen*, alone. *little boukit*, small. *swak*, supple.
pechin', breathing hard. *threepit*, insisted. *dwaam*, swoon.

Fae France

'Twas months afore he cowered fae that, an' he was
 missed a lot,
 For fan ye meet a hearty breet, ye're sorry gin he's
 shot.
 His mother sent a letter till's, a great lang blottit screed,
 It wasna easy makin't oot, her vreetin's coorse to read ;
 She speir't could she dae ocht for me, sae I sent back a
 line---
 "Jist bid yer man, fan neist I'm up, ca' canny wi' the
 fine."

But noo to tell foo I wan off fae dreelin', dubs, an' din,
 An' landit here wi' nocht to dae but fite the idle pin.
 Ae foraneen my neiper chap cried—"Loshtie-goshtie
 guide's !
 The founmarts maun be caul' the dav, they've startit
 burnin' wydes."
 The reek at first was like ye've seen fan at the fairmer's
 biddin'
 Some frosty mornin' wi' the graip the baillie turns the
 midden.
 But it grew thick, an' doon the win' straucht for oor
 lines it tore,
 Till shortly we were pyoch'rin' sair an' fleyed that we
 would smore ;
 An' as ye never ken wi' cyaurds faur ye'll be herried
 neist,
 We fixed oor baignets, speel't the trench, and chairged
 them in a breist,
 'Twas than I got the skirp o' shell that naill't me i' the
 queets,
 An' here I'm hirplin' roon the doors an' canna thole
 my beets.

till's, to me. *coorse*, difficult. *fite*, etc., whittle a stick. *founmarts*, pole-
 cats. *wydes*, weeds. *graip*, a fork for digging. *midden*, manure heap.
pyoch'rin', coughing. *fleyed*, afraid. *smore*, suffocate. *cyaurds*, tinkers,
 rascals. *speel't*, climbed. *queets*, ankles. *hirplin'*, limping. *thole*, endure.
beets, boots.

Fae France

Some nichts fan I've been sleepin' ill, an' stoun's gyaun
doon my taes,
Aul' times come reamin' throu' my heid, I'm back amo'
the braes ;
Wi' wirms an' wan' I'm throu' the breem, an' castin' up
the burn,
Land aye the tither yallow troot fae ilka rush an' turn :
I hash the neeps an' full the skull, an' bin' the lowin'
nowt
Lythe in the barn lat oot for rapes, or track a fashious
cowt ;
I watch the leevers o' the mull swing roon' for 'oors an'
'oors,
An' see the paps o' Benachie stan' up atween the shooers ;
Lead fae a roup a reistin' stirk, that's like to brak the
branks,
Or hearken to the cottar wives lyang-lyangin' owre
their shanks ;
I join the dancers on the buird schottischin' at the games,
An' scutter in the lang forenichts wi' britchin', bit, an'
haims :
Or maybe, cockit on the shaft, fan cairtin' corn or bear,
Cry "Hie" an' "Wo" an' "Weesh" again to guide the
steppin' mear.
An' in the daylight tee, at times, fan lyin' here sae saft
I've dream't gin eence the war was by o' takin' on a craft.
Fan a' thing's sattled for the nicht in stable an' in byre,
It's fine to hae your ain bow-cheer drawn up anent the
fire,
An' hear a roch reid-heidit bairn, wi' ferny-tickled nose,
Tired oot and hungry fae the closs, come yammerin' for
his brose ;

stoun', ache. *reamin'*, trothing. *wirms*, worms. *wan'*, rod. *breem*, broom. *neeps*, turnips. *full*, fill. *skull*, basket. *bin'*, tie up. *nowt*, cattle. *rapes*, ropes of straw. *track, etc.*, break a troublesome colt. *shooers*, showers. *roup*, sale. *reistin' stirk*, obstinate bullock. *branks*, bridle. *lyang-lyangin'*, gossiping. *shanks*, knitting of hose. *scutter, etc.*, bungle, mending harness. *tee*, too. *craft*, craft. *ferny-tickled*, freckled. *closs*, farmyard. *yammerin'*, crying continuously.

Fae France

An' syne a wife—but weesht ! for here's my nurse, the
couthy ted,

Come cryin' I maun dicht my pen an' hirsle to my bed,
Gweed nicht ! but bide or I forget : there's jist ae little
thing—

Man, could ye sen' me oot a trump ? I'm weariet for a
spring,

For, Jock, ye winna grudge the stamp to cheer a dweeble
frien',

An' dinna back it "Sandy" noo, but "Sergeant"
Aberdeen.

CHARLES MURRAY.

bide, wait. *trump*, Jew's harp. *spring*, dance-tune. *dweeble*, sick. *back*
it, address.

ST. ANDREWS

O ALL the misty wealth of western isles,
Long glens and happy bays of surf and sun,
The rain-swept seas—I'd give all these for one
Of her forgotten smiles,
That set my heart a-bouncing for nine happy Fifeshire
miles.

I have not seen my love for eighteen moons,
Arran and Skye and Islay hold me bound,
Yet these I'd all surrender for one sound
Of her forgotten tunes,
That tore my heart to pieces in the lonely Fifeshire
dunes.

The guillemot and shag are dear to me,
Breasting the wild waves of the Hebrides,
My life is theirs—yet I'd abandon these
For that forgotten she
Who holds my steadfast love beside the far-off Fifeshire
sea.

GEORGE BUCHANAN SMITH,
1890-1915.

AN APRIL NIGHT

At dusk I flung my knapsack on the heath,
I made my bracken bed, I supped, and soon
As daylight faded from the glen beneath,
Cool winds among the firs were rising fast,
Stirring the sleeping branches till they cast
Black limbs athwart the silver moon.

How can I tell the thousand balms that rose,
From the dew-sodden earth that took their flight,
That round me hovered during my repose—
Oh, could I thus for ever wake and sleep,
Lie thus in endless joy, and breathe deep, deep
The incense of this April night !

Now can my spirit scan mysterious things,
And know why still the Dryad haunts the glade,
Why fearlessly from tree to tree she springs,
But sometimes venturing to the forest's verge
Will falter and a timid step emerge,
Then panting seek her leafy shade.

Her nature nurtured with that self-same force,
The smells of dewy earth which round me rise,
Of fragile hyacinth, of nutty gorse,
Of pine, of tender grasses, is too frail
To face a ruder world, so shrinks the gale
And in her sheltering coverts lies.

An April Night

So speeds the night, with perfect quiet blest,
Till slow the sable heavens pale to blue,
The westward peaks flush rosy at the crest,
Then eastward bursts the burning, headstrong sun—
Away with dreams—hot to the mountains run,
The Dryad leave, the Oread pursue.

GEORGE BUCHANAN SMITH.

AN AUTUMN STORM IN SKYE

A WEST wind blew the waters overland,
Great seas, Atlantic borne, o'ertowered the shore,
The waves were green with stones and brown with sand,
The leaping spume pursued the pebbles o'er
The dripping rocks and up the sloping strand,
And in the heath dissolved, storm-tost no more,
Its drenching spray still whirling overhead
Till, scattered headlong, with the gale it fled.

The tempest blew great guns throughout the night,
And drove the mackerel seaward to the deeps,
Where, bruised by stones and surf, and sick with fright,
They learned the silence that the ocean keeps.
High hang the sea-mews, watching for the bright
Silver that marks the herring ; a gull leaps
In the air, drops like a stone, dives sheer,
Then slowly with its quarry rises clear.

The winds had rolled the heavy clouds together,
Darkly till noon they hovered overhead,
Then burst in torrents ; how I leaped the heather,
And, breathless, to the croft for shelter fled.
Before a blazing fire I mocked the weather,
Piled high the peats till the whole hearth was red,
Lay down within the happy glow and dreamed,
While thunder boomed without and lightning gleamed.

An Autumn Storm in Skye

Storm sank to utter calm with fading day,

A sweet strange sense of freshness filled the air,

I climbed a crag and gazed upon the bay,

• The waves still swelling high and breaking there,

The sunset sky flamed crimson ; one broad ray

Of rippling gold stretched westward, so to bear

My fancy sad, where live in exile's yoke,

Driven from Highland homes, my own dear folk.

GEORGE BUCHANAN SMITH.

1881

FRAGMENT "

COURAGE, faint heart, press forward to the hill !
The ridge looms dark ? It only hides the day.
Wait for the dawn to come ? O forward still,
And meet the sun halfway !

GEORGE BUCHANAN SMITH.

OLD ABERDEEN

(October 1915)

MOTHER of trees and towers and ancient ways,
And homes of studious peace ; to whose grey Crown
Thy lads come up through these October days,
Come up again the while thy leaves fall down—
Rustling about the young and eager feet
As if the spirits of thy crowded past,
Mustering on high those latest ranks to greet,
Did down their ghostly salutations cast—

Ah, this October many come no more
Whose trusted faces we had looked to see ;
For on the fields of Flanders or that shore
Steep and fire-swept of grim Gallipoli
They fell like leaves, innumerable fell,
And tho' still quick and keen and fain for life,
With as ripe ease and gentleness of will,
As the sere leaf from out the tempest's strife - -
Ready for Death and their young sacrifice
By faith in God, by love of home and land,
And the proud conscience of the ungrudged price
Their fathers paid at Freedom's high demand.

Though through thy stripped trees, trailing with the
mist,
The mournful music of the pipes comes creeping,
Mourn not for those who only failed thy trust
Because they kept a holier—and are keeping.

SIR GEORGE ADAM SMITH.

NEUVE CHAPELLE

How slow the dawn ! Across the moor
The wild March cries,
Voicing the year of coronachs,
Dead dreams and sacrifice.

“Wide-eyed I lie, yet dread the morn,
When ilka hour I’ll see
The empty hill-road where he turned
To wave his hand to me.
I couldna try to keep him fra’
The man’s road he wad gang
Wi’ the colours o’ the Gordons,
Though I kened the road was lang.

“I watched him gang, and kept dry een
Till he gaed east the gate
And left the shieling quiet (how quiet !)
And me to work and wait.
But my heart went wi’ my laddie
Ower the sea in French’s line,
And it’s buried near the trenches
Wi’ him . . . Ah ! Son o’ mine.

“Yet I maun thole. He’s no alane—
The laird sleeps there as weel
Beside his gallant Gordon lads.
Proud, proud am I to feel

Neuve Chapelle

That when the King sought men to help
The weak against the strang,
My Colin wasna o' the breed
That could, but didna gang."

An old Scots peasant mother ! Thine
The slow tears of a race,
• The anvil of the years has taught
To look death in the face.
No threnody for son o' thine !
The hill-burns' voices raise
Amidst his happy boyhood's haunts
A quiet hymn of praise,

• This Gaudeamus to the hills,
"The lad knew how to die,"
And round the shieling stately pines
Point proudly to the sky.
And you, who could have gone, but watched
Those others march away,
Who help to swell the Cup-tie's roar
And strike for bigger pay :

• Who, safe at home, have drugged your souls
With sophistries and fears,
And left your mates to struggle through
Their task of blood and tears !
Think ! • When the Last Court-Martial sits
And Honour's cause endures,
*What shall ye say when on that day
Their calm eyes question yours ?*

JOHN FOSTER.

THE GLEN'S MUSTER-ROLL

THE DOMINIE LOQUITUR

HING'T up aside the chumley-cheek, the aul' glen's
Muster Roll,
A' names we ken fae hut an' ha', fae Penang to the Pole,
An' speir na gin I'm prood o't—Losh ! coont them line
by line,
Near han' a hunner fechtin' men, an' they a' were Loons
o' Mine.

A' mine. It's jest like yesterday they sat there raw on
raw,
Some tchyaubin' wi' the "Rule o' Three," some widin'
throu' "Mensa" ;
The map o' Asia's shoggly yet faur Dysie's sheemach
head
Gaed cleeter-clatter a' the time the carritches was said.
"A limb," his greetin' granny swore, "the aul' deil's
very limb"
But Dysie's deid an' drooned lang syne ; the *Cressy*
coffined him.
"Man guns upon the fore barbette !" . . . What's that
to me an' you ?
Here's moss an' burn, the skailin' kirk, aul' Kissack
beddin's soo.

chumley, chimney. *Loons*, boys. *tchyaubin'*, toiling. *vidin'*, wading
shoggly, unsteady. *sheemach*, matted. *carritches*, catechism. *skailin'*, dis-
persing. *beddin's soo*, littering his pig.

The Glen's Muster-Roll

It's Peace, it's Hame,—but ower the Ben the coastal
searchlights shine,
And we ken that Britain's bastions mean—that sailor
Loon o' Mine.

The muirland's lang, the muirland's wide, an' fa says
"ships" or "sea"?

But the tang o' saut that's in wir bleed has puzzled mair
than me.

There's Sandy wi' the birstled shins, taur think ye he's
the day?

Oot where the hawser's tuggin' taut in the surf o' Suvla
Bay;

An' owre the spurs o' Chanak Bahr gaed twa lang stilpert
chiels

I think o' flappin' butteries yet or weyvin' powets creels --
Exiles on far Australian plains, but the Lord's ain
boomerang

'S the Highland heart that's aye for hame hooever far
it gang.

An' the winds that wail ower Anzac an' requiem Lone Pine
Are nae jest a' for stranger kin, for some were Loons
o' Mine.

They're comin' hame in twas an' threes: there's Tam
fae Singapore—

Yon's his, the string o' buckie-beads abeen the aumry
door—

An' Dick Macleod, his sanshach sel' (Guid sake, a
bombardier!)

I see them yet ae summer day come hodgin' but the fleer:
"Please, sir" (a habber an' a hoast), "Please, sir" (a gasp,
a gulp,

Syne wi' a rush) "Please—sir—can—we—win—oot—
to droon—a—fulp?"

Ben, mountain. *tang*, sting. *saut*, salt. *bleed*, blood. *stilpert*, high-stepping. *flappin'* butteries, chasing butterflies. *weyvin'*, weaving. *powets*, tadpoles. *aumry*, cupboard. *sanshach*, saucy. *hedgin'*, moving awkwardly. *but the fleer*, along the floor. *habber*, stutter. *hoast*, cough. *fulp*, whelp.

The Glen's Muster-Roll

. . . Hi, Rover, here, lad !—ay, that's him, the fulp they
 didna droon,
 But Tam—puir Tam he's cauld an' stiff on some grey
 Belgian dune,
 An' the Via Dolorosa's there, faur a wee bit cutty queyn
 Stan's lookin' doon a teem hill-road for a sojer Loon o'
 Mine.

Fa's neist? The Gaup—a Gordon wi' the "Bydand"
 on his broo,
 Nae murlachs dreetlin' fae his pooch or roon the weeks
 o's mou',
 Nae word o' groff-write trackies on the "Four best ways
 to fooge"—
 He steed his grun' an' something mair, they tell me, oot
 at Hooge.
 But ower the dyke I'm hearin' yet: "Lads, fa's on for
 a swap?—
 A lang sook o' a pandrop for the sense o' 'verbum sap.'
 Fac's death I tried to min' on't—here's my gairten wi'
 a knot—
 But—bizz! a dhûbrack loupit as I passed the muckle pot."
 Ay, ye didna ken the classics, never heard o' æ-co-sine,
 But here's my au' lum aff to ye, dear gowkit Loon o'
 Mine.

They're handin' oot the haloes, an' three's come to the
 glen—
 There's Jeemack taen his Sam Browne to his mother's
 but an' ben.
 Ay, they ca' me "Blawin' Beelie," but I never crawled
 sae crouse
 As the day they ga' the V.C. to my *filius nullius*.

cutty queyn, saucy girl. *teem*, empty. *The Gaup*, the stupid. "*Bydand*,"
 Gordon motto. *murlachs*, crumbs. *dreetlin'*, dribbling. *weeks*, corners.
sook, suck. *pandrop*, sweetmeat. *gairten*, garter. *dhûbrack*, black fish.
muckle pot, deep pool. *lum*, hat. *gowkit*, harrow-scarum. *Sam Browne*,
 officer's belt. *but an' ben*, two-roomed cottage.

The Glen's Muster-Roll

But he winna sit "Receptions" nor keep on his aureole,
A' he says is "Guide the gabbin', an' rax ower the
Bogie Roll."

An' the Duke an's dother shook his han' an' speirt aboot
his kin.

"Old family, yes: here sin' the Flood," I smairtly
chippit in.

(Fiech! Noah's? Na—We'd ane wirsels, ye ken, in '29.)
I'm nae the man to stan' an' hear them lichtlie Loon o'
Mine.

Wir Lairdie. That's his mither in her doo's-neck silk
gaun by,

The podduck, so she tells me, 's haudin' up the H.L.I.
An' he's stan'in' ower his middle in the Flanders clort an'
dub,

Him at eese't to scent his hanky an' speak o's mornin'
"tub."

The Manse loon's dellin' divots on the weary road to
Lille,

An' he canna flype his stockin's, 'cause they hinna tae
nor heel.

Sennelager's gotten Davie—a' mou' fae lug to lug —

An' the Kaiser's kyaak, he's writin', 'll neither ryve nor rug.
"But mind ye" (so he post-cairds) "I'm already ower
the Rhine."

Ay, there's nae a wanworth o' them, though they werena
Loons o' Mine.

. . . You—Robbie. *Mempry pictures: Front bench.
A curly pow,

A chappit hannie grippin' tight a Homer men't wi' tow—
The lave a' scrammelin' near him, like bummies roon a bike,
"Fat's this?" "Fat's that?" He'd tell them a'—ay,
speir they fat they like.

dotter, daughter. *belthe*, deprecate. *clort a' d dub*, mud. *dellin' divots*,
digging turf. *flype*, turn inside out. *kyaak*, cake, bread. *wanworth*, un-
worthy one. *chappit hannie*, little hand skin-cracked by cold. *men't*, mended,
bummies, humble-bees.

The Glen's Muster-Roll

My hill-foot lad ! A' sowl an' brain fae's bonnet to his
 beets,
 A "Fullarton" *in posse*, nae the first fun' fowin' peats.
 An' I see a blythe young Bajan gang whistlin' doon the
 brae,
 An' I hear a wistful Paladin his patriot *credo* say.
 An' noo, an' noo I'm waitin' till a puir thing hirples
 hame—
 Ay 't 's the Valley o' the Shadow, nae the mountain
 heichts o' Fame.
 An' where's the nimble nostrum, the dogma fair and
 fine,
 To still the ruggin' heart I hae for you, oh, Loon o'
 Mine ?

.

My Loons, my Loons ! Yon winnock gets the settin'
 sun the same,
 Here's sklates an' skailies, ilka dask a' fuddled wi' a name.
 An' as I sit a vision comes : Ye're troopin' in aince
 mair,
 Ye're back fae Aisne an' Marne an' Meuse, Ypres an'
 Festubert ;
 Ye're back on weary bleedin' feet—you, you that danced
 an' ran—
 For every lauchin' loon I kent I see a hell-scarred man.
 Not mine but yours to question now ! You lift unhappy
 eyes—
 "Ah, Maister, tell's fat a' this means." And I, ye
 thocht sae wise,
 Maun answer wi' the bairn words ye said to me langsyne :
 "I dinna ken, I dinna ken." Fa does, oh, Loons o'
 Mine ?

MARY SYMON.

"Fullarton," a scholarship. *nae*, not. *fun' fowin'*, found filling. *Bajan*,
 fresh-man. *hirples*, limps. *winnock*, window. *skailies*, slate-pencil. *dask*,
 desk. *fuddled*, whittled.

AFTER NEUVE CHAPELLE

(From the prose of a wounded Gordon Highlander
in hospital)

WE'D a hefty second horseman, fae the braes on
Deveronside,
An' twa bit college birkies like to burst their breeks wi'
pride ;
'There was Lauchin' Tam an' "Curly" an' the ane we
ca'ed "The Loon,"
Wi' his sowf an' pech an' fosef, fit to wreck the hale
platoon.
An' they're a' deid or deein'—I've a gey bit clour mysel'—
But I winner fat they're thinkin' i' the Glen o' Neuve
Chapelle.

Man, I wish I'd seen the sniddy the nicht the news
cam in !
'The Bailie's beld head noddin', the Soutar clawin's chin.
'The country clashes fleein' as the sun gied doon the Lecht
'Till the paper geat comes skirlin' : "The Gordons in a
Fecht,"
Losh ! I think I see them loupin'—"Gie's't !" "Heely
man, 't'll tear !"
"Faur are they ?" "Read it !" "Fat is't ?" An' the
Bailie smores a swear

hefty, vigorous. *sowf*, heavy breathing. *pech*, panting. *fosef*, wheeze.
clour, result of hard blow. *temmer*, wonder. *sniddy*, smutty. *clashes*,
reports. *geat*, child. *heily*, slow. *smores*, smothered.

After Neuve Chapelle

As he hicks an' mants: "H'm! Fiech—It's—wait—
I'll need to spell"—

(It's a geylies chancy mou'fu' that Frenchy Neuve
Chapelle).

Syne they'll read about La Bassée an' the red roofs o'
Aubers,

An' like kitlins in the kinkhost they'll try Armentières;
An' the smith'll rax his weskit fae the nail upo' the wa'—
"I'm dootin' that's Will Lowry's lot; I'll gie the wife
a ca'.

Puir Will! to lye oor Hielan' strath for (Lord!) a
Street o' Hell,

I'll nae gie Jinse his full address, I'll jest say New
Shapelle."

O sair o' heart they'll be, I ken 't'll pit them aff their
brose;

An' the bellman'll be dichtin' mair, than sneeshan draps
fae's nose,

As the pumphels fill on Sunday, an' aside the pulpit stair
'They'll see the Roll o' Honour, an' the names o' deid
men there.

But the parson winna haiver; I can hear the rāfters ring:
"They have garnered earth's best glory, who have died
for Home and King."

(He's the deil to spout, oor billie!) It's a slogan, nae
a knell,

That'll soun' in gray Kiltairlie owre the graves at Neuve
Chapelle.

A Slogan! Ay, they're needin't. Gang doon the glen
at nicht:

'There's twa lang loons o' Muirton's at the fireside warm
an' ticht.

nants, stammers. *chancy*, difficult. *kitlins*, kittens. *kinkhost*, whooping-cough. *weskit*, vest. *Street o' Hell*, Rue d'Enfer. *sneeshan*, snuff. *pumphels*, square pews. *harrat*, talk nonsense. *slogan*, call to arms.

After Neuve Chapelle

There's Boggies snarin' myaukens, an' his neiper buskin'
 flees,
 An' the Masons at the dam-brod for the Belgian refugees.
 They're dancin', singin', fiddlin', an' owre a rim o' sea
 We're treadin'—ay, we're treadin'—each man a Calvary.
 Oh, glens that gave the Gordons, is't you will give as well
 The cohorts of the damned and done that heed nae
 Neuve Chapelle?

God! Will they ever wauken? the loons that sit at
 hame,
 While din-skinned Sikhs and Ghurkas fecht to keep oor
 shores fae shame.
 Oor kin fae a' the Seven Seas are tummelin' to the fray,
 But there's lag-gards yet on lown hillsides 'neath skies
 that span the Spey,
 On braes where Charlie's banner flew an' Jean sae kindly
 kissed,
 Where the very peewees' vammer is a wistfu' "Loon,
 gang 'list"—
 Man, I dinna like to think o't. But when this cursed
 welter's deen
 I widna like to be the man that stan's in slacker's sheen.

My bairns'll never blush for me; my teem sark sleeve'll
 tell
 I did my bit for hame an' them ae day at Neuve Chapelle.

MARY SYMON.

myaukens, hares. *dam-brod*, draught-brood. *deen*, den. *to*, empty.

PIPES IN ARRAS „ „

(April 1917)

IN the burgh town of Arras
When gloaming had come on,
Fifty pipers played Retreat
As if they had been one,
And the Grande Place of Arras
Hummed with the Highland drone !

Then to that ravaged burgh
Champed into dust and sand
Came with the pipers' playing,
Out of their own loved land,
Sea-sounds that moan for sorrow
On a dispeopled strand.

There are in France no voices
To speak of simple things,
And tell how winds will whistle
Through palaces of kings ;
Now came the truth to Arras
In the chanter's warblings :

“O build in pride your towers
But think not they will last ;
The tall tower and the shieling
Alike must meet the blast,
And the world is strewn with shingle
From dwellings of the past.”

Pipes in Arras

But to the Grande Place, Arras,
Came too the hum of bees,
That suck the sea-pink's sweetness
From isles of the Hebrides,
And, in Iona, fashion
Homes 'mid old effigies !

Our cells the monks demolished
• To make their mead of yore,
And still though we be ravished
Each Autumn of our store,
While the sun lasts, and the flower,
Tireless we'll gather more.

Up then and spake with twitt'ings
Out of the chanter reed
Birds that each Spring to Appin
Over the oceans speed,
And in its ruined castles
Make love again and breed .

" Already see our brothers
Build in the tottering fane !
Though France should be a desert,
While love and Spring remain
Men will come back to Arras
And build and weave again."

So played the pipes in Arras
Their Gaelic symphony,
Sweet with old wisdom gathered
In isles of the Highland sea ;
And eastward toward Cambrai
Roared the artillery.

NEIL MUNRO.

THE TWEED

SHINING and shadowy, verdant-walled
By his banks of spreading beeches,
Thundering over the foaming cauld
And sliding on silver reaches,
Twisting and turning by haugh and lea
Tweed goes down to the windy sea.

Out of the west he takes his way,
And out of the Moss-paul heather
Teviot comes from the hill-mists grey,
And the two take hands together,
Laughing comrades that wander down
From abbey to castle, from town to town.

By Tweed, as he rolls 'neath the Eildons Three
With the moon in the Melrose arches,
Do the raiders ride again knee to knee
'Trooping down on the English marches?
As he glides where the walls of Dryburgh stand
Does her Great Dead wave him a courtly hand?

By Kelso bridge at the midnight hour
Stands a monk at the abbey-railing?
Does he hear a guard on Norham Tower
Through the ghostly moon-mist hailing?
Is there stain of blood where a phantom Till
Creeps from the shadow of Flodden Hill?

The Tweed

Beside him in tiny glen and strath,
With a love that his songs embolden,
Gallant and girl by the river-path
Go down through the grasses golden,
Planning a life that as smooth shall be
As the flow of his waves to the waiting sea.

In the heart of the night go slow, go slow,
• As you drift by those dim wraiths signing
But, Tweed, for your lovers leap and flow
When the golden sun is shining !
For dead men beckon and grey ghosts call,
But love in its laughter forgets them all !

■ WILL H. OGILVIE.

IF I WERE OLD • •

If I were old, a broken man and blind,
And one should lead me to Mid-Eildon's crest,
And leave me there a little time to rest
Sharing the hill-top with the Border wind,
The whispering heather, and the curlew's cry,
I know the blind dark could not be so deep,
So cruel and so clinging, but that I
Should see the sunlit curve of Cheviot's steep
Rise blue and friendly on the distant sky !

There is no darkness—God ! there cannot be—
So heavy as to curtain from my sight
The beauty of those Border slopes that lie
Far South before me, and a love-found light
Would shine upon the slow Tweed loitering by
With gift of song and silver to the sea !—
No dark can ever hide this dear loved land from me.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

NOTES, GLOSSARY, AND INDEXES

NOTES

Page 1. "Fredome all solace to man gillis :
He levys at es that frely levys."

This is the true keynote of Scottish poetry, and prevails throughout. It inspired the War of Independence and was intensified by it.

Page 9. This innocent version—a healthy pagan child intruding upon an assembly of the saints—in the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis*—was rediscovered by the late Professor A. F. Mitchell, D.D., LL.D., and by him printed in his S.T.S. edition of the *Ballatis* in 1868. Another version had been expunged by order of the General Assembly of 1568.

Page 13. *thaint*, which plainly means *rancs*, is an evident misprint in Waldegrave's original text.

Pages 15 and 16. *frechure* and *rayons durs*, and the general description of a very hot summer day, recall the poet's experience in France.

Page 40. Michael Bruce is generally credited with the authorship of *The Cuckoo*. John Logan has made difficulties for himself not easily to be got over.

Page 55. *agley*, rhyming with *joy*, shows the Ayrshire dialectal sound to be *agloy*.

Page 70. The first stanza only is the work of Burns. He found the second, which he calls "inexpressibly beautiful and quite original," in Wotherspoon's *Collection of Scots Songs*. See letter to Thomson, 25th June 1793.

Page 79. Miss Ferrier added eight lines.

Notes

Page 81. Lady Nairne refers to a humorous incident as occurring when the army of Prince Charles was on its march southward.

“Dumfoundered, they a’ ran awa’, awa
Frac the hundred pipers an’ a’, an’ ”

This incident belongs to the 1715, not to the 1745 rising.

“On Penrith Fell in 1715 occurred a scene which is a disgrace in the history of Cumberland. According to Chancellor Ferguson, ‘Twelve thousand men were mustered on the high ground about Penrith, consisting of the whole *posse comitatus* of Cumberland. From Brampton the Jacobites marched to Penrith Fell, where this *posse comitatus*, armed with guns, scythes, and pitchforks, awaited them under Viscount Lonsdale and Bishop Nicholson, who was in the field in his coach and six. As soon as the Highlanders appeared the *posse comitatus* went away—in plain words, they skedaddled, leaving the two commanders and a few of their servants. Lord Lonsdale presently galloped off to Appleby, and the Bishop’s coachman, whipping up his horses, carried off his master to Rose Castle. It is said the Prelate lost his wig while shouting from the carriage window to his coachman to stop.’”

Page 98. *Fight for the Queen*, who is Queen Mary.

Page 103. Hogg added eight lines to this poem.

Page 124. The sentiment of the Gaelic refrain is simple. *Na h-òr cile* is a mere interjection. “Fhìr a bhata, Gu ma slan duit’s gach ait’ an teid thu”—Boatman! May it be well with you wherever you go!

Page 131. The opening stanza is old.

Page 133. Appeared first in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, September 1829.

Pages 145-147. A quotation from “The Last Epistle to Tammas,” written by a Scottish emigrant to his friend in Yarrow.

Page 158. R. F. Murray is a passionate St. Andrean, the poet of St. Andrews and of its University life, and the best beloved by its students of all their poets.

Notes

Page 169. Matthew Arnold's "Longing" in *Faded Leaves*. See Oxford edition of *Poems* by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, p. 130.

Page 170. It is to be remembered that the Scots were fighting with the French against the English.

Page 174. *Tusitala*, the name given by the Samoans to Robert Louis Stevenson.

Page 178. John Barlas was a lineal descendant of Catherine Douglas, surnamed Barlas because of her effort to save King James I.

Page 205. *Apollo Bunder Quay*, the pier at Bombay where passengers disembark. The Rev. J. H. Mackay, M.A., late Senior Chaplain at Bombay, says that "Apollo" has no connection with the Greek god, but is doubtless a corruption of a native word, probably *palwa*, a kind of boat commonly used there.

Page 234. *the cowardly lark*, a blow given to test courage of the person struck.

Page 235. *ca' my girl*, "trundle my hoop," equivalent to run away.

Page 237. "We hench'd an' flang, an' killed a curn, and soosh't them front and flank," etc.

"We threw our bombs by bringing our hands along our haunch, we heaved bombs and killed a number of men, and soused them in front and on the flank like boys who have truant'd school to stone young frogs in the pond."

Page 241. In the end of January 1912 George Buchanan Smith, who was the eldest son of Principal Sir George Adam Smith, and a student at Glasgow, went to the Conference of the Students' Representative Councils at St. Andrews. He wrote thus about his visit: "I have fallen in love with St. Andrews. . . . I like all I see of the University immensely—the quaint old-world streets, with men sitting at the windows of their lodgings—'bunks' as they call them here. It is like a large college where most men know everybody else. We walked on the sands and along the golf

Notes

courses. It must be so jolly for a University to be right in the country. The wind was blowing the waves over the sandy shore. I did enjoy it. . . . I am very sorry to go away from St. Andrews. After you have been in it you realise why St. Andrews students can write far better poetry than those from any other University" (privately printed Memoir, p. 8).

Page 251. Miss Symon explains that *powet*, 'creels' are tiny cup-like contrivances with handles, made of rushes, and used by children in pools or marshes for the purpose of catching live tadpoles.

Page 252. *The Gaup* had been the author of little tracts (*trackies*) on the four best ways to *fooge*, or play truant, in large text handwriting—*groff-write*. *Sam Browne*, the name given to an officer's leather belt, which was introduced by General Sir Samuel Browne.

Page 253. *Guide the gabbin'*, spare the 'talk. *podduck* and *ted*, in the sense of "creature," are applied to persons in a kindly, even affectionate, way in the north-east.

Page 255. *W'i' his sores an' pech an' fousel*, etc., with his heavy breathing and panting and wheezing.

Page 256. *pumphels* or pinfolds are the old-fashioned square pews in church.

Page 257. *Jean sae kindly kissed*: the allusion is to the celebrated Jean of Monreith, Duchess of Gordon, who sought recruits for the Second Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders in 1793 by offering the guinea for enlistment from her lips.

GLOSSARY

a', all.
abeigh, aside.
abunc, abeen, abion, above.
acquont, acquainted.
ae, one.
aff, off.
agley, askew.
ahint, behind.
arblers, perhaps.
ark, oak.
arn, own.
avn, earn.
arn, iron.
art, direction.
art, art.
ajee, ajar, awry.
amast, almost.
an', and.
an, it.
ame, *ance*, once.
aneuch, aneueche, en.
antoin, occasional.
avles, earnest in me.
asklent, obliquely.
awre, star.
attour, over.
auld-far-ant, precocious.
aumry, cupboard.
ava', at all.
ay, yes.
aye, ever.
ayont, beyond.

baile, a magistrate.
baillie, cattleman.
bais'd, abased.
baith, both.

Bairn, Bepant, freshmen.
ballat, ballad.
band-ter, one who binds sheaf.
barkit, skinned.
bauk, spin.
bauld, bold.
bauld, hare.
be, by.
bet, bet.
bets, boots.
bigart d., variegated.
ber, noise.
bet, increase.
biave, at once.
ben, parlour in two-roomed house.
bert, field.
beret, singing bass.
bet, excel.
bauk, book.
bet, dog.
baik, move quickly.
bide, wait, endure.
bedd, shelter.
bye, build.
biggin', cottage.
big net, cap.
bille, comrade.
berk, birch.
berkie, a lively youth.
berl, whirl.
bur, burden.
berried, toasted.
berze, to press hard.
blau, bluish.
blate, shy.
blether, foolish talk.
blink, glance.
bone, death.

Glossary

boobs, marbles.
boord, covering.
boss, empty.
bot, but.
bothy, common cottage for young ploughmen.
boukit (little), of small size.
boulden, swollen.
bour, bower.
bourtree, elder tree.
bowe, boll.
brae, little hill, slope.
braid, broad.
braids, rises, hastens.
braird, sprouting of grain.
brander, grill.
brattle, noise.
braw, fine.
breckans, ferns.
bree, brow, liquor.
breem, broom.
breet, fellow, lit. brute.
breid, bread.
breist, breast.
brent, unwrinkled.
brig, bridge.
britchin, part of harness.
brogue, trick.
broo, brow.
brose, oatmeal mixed with boiling water.
brothing, steaming.
brunstone, brimstone.
buckie, a gay lad.
buckie, a shell.
bught, fold for sheep.
buik, book.
buik, bulk.
burd, board.
butth, booth.
burd, maid.
burn, stream.
busk, dress, adorn.
but, the kitchen of two-roomed cottage.
but, without.
Byland, Waiting; the motto of the Gordons: "Waiting."
byke, bees' nest.
byons, extremely.
byre, cow-house.

ca' a gird, to trundle a hoop; to run away.
cadger, hawker.
cairn, heap of stones.
callant, boy.
caller, *callo*, *callovi*, cool.
camow-nosed, flat-nosed.
canny, gentle, cautious.
cantrip, caper.
canty, cheerful.
carritch, *catechis*, catechism.
cauld, cold.
cauldryfe, chilly.
caup, large wooden bowl for serving porridge.
cessile, yielding.
chafis, jaws, cheeks.
chappet, skin-cracked by cold.
charw, chew.
chiel, fellow.
chumley-check, chimney-side.
chyie, chariot.
claes, clothes.
clark, report.
clart, mug.
clashes, reports.
clavers, silly talk.
clad, clad.
cladit, pelted.
close, *class*, farmyard.
clour, a hard blow.
clout, patch.
clud, cloud.
cift, bought.
cowdy, cowardly.
cowse, hard.
coote, wooden bowl.
corby, raven.
cordovan, leather.
corrie, hollow in hill-side.
couth, did.
couthy, kindly.
covei'd, recovered.
cows, beats.
cowt, colt.
crack, a pleasant talk.
crafts, crofts.
cramie, crimson cloth.
craneuch, hoar frost.
crav, crow.
creel, basket, wicker cradle.

Glossary

creeshy, greedy.
crood, crowd.
croon, to sing softly.
crouse, proud, brisk.
crowd, coo.
craif, osier trap.
cuis, *coof*, stupid fellow.
cunt, cast off.
cule, cool.
cun, a number.
cushie, wood-pigeon.
cyauuds, tinkles, talsals.

daffin', gaiety, flitting.
dajt, crazy.
daimen-icker, an ear or two.
dam-board, draught-board.
darg, day's work.
daunder, to walk slowly.
daur, to dare.
daut, to fondle.
deawable den.
dee, do.
dee, die.
deid, dead.
deir, injure.
dellin', delving.
denn (in), in secret.
dicht, wipe.
dill, share.
ding, to strike, to excel.
dink, neat.
dirl, to thrill, to vibrate.
dru, do.
drows, turf, sod.
dochter, *dobter*, *d.ther*, daughter.
docken, dock, anything worthless.
du'al, a small glass.
do, *dew*, dove.
dook, to bathe, to duck.
deil, sorrow.
dour, hard, stubborn.
dower'd, slept.
dowf, dull.
dowie, sad.
downa, cannot.
dram, glass.
dree, *drie*, endure.
dieepin', dripping.
dreetlin', dribbling.
dreich, dreary.

droukt, very wet.
drullie, *drumlie*, turbid.
dubby, muddy.
duls, tags, clothes.
dule, sorrow.
dune, done.
dunt, knock.
duce, severe.
dwaam, swoon.
duchle, weak.
dwaime, to pine away.

ee, eye.
een, eyes.
een, even.
e'en, evening.
ence, once.
een, weird.
ee, use.
edent, diligent.
eithet, easiest.
eke, to add.
elbuck, elbow.
elst, h, elfin.
el's, else.
emert, emerald.
end-lang, along.
enach, enough.
es, ease.
erbid, intended.

f represents *h* and *wh* in north-east dialect.
fa', fall, Autumn.
fä, who.
fader, father.
far, from.
fais, turf.
fain, glad.
fan, when.
far, where.
fash, trouble.
fashious, troublesome.
fat, what.
fauld, fold.
faur, where.
fause, false.
faut, fault.
fe, sheep.
ficht (p. *ficht*), fight.
fick, plenty.